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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XL. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, November 12, 1903. | NO. 46

A BUSINESS MEETING HELD

For the Betterment of Smethport Industrially.

TO BE PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

There was a Large Attendance—Business Men Enthusiastic—Liberal Subscriptions Promised.

For sometime past the representative business men of Smethport have realized the necessity of inducing other industries to locate in this place in order to keep our hustling town in the front rank, and with this end in view about fifty of our foremost citizens met in the parlors of the Grand Central Hotel last Thursday evening and made a start toward forming an active board of trade with sufficient backing to accomplish something.

After discussing the situation for some time it was decided to form a permanent organization and D. C. Young was elected president, D. M. Frasted secretary and James A. McKean treasurer. Committees were also appointed to ascertain how much money could be raised for the use of this organization and to get in touch with such industries as may be looking for a desirable location. These committees have done some hustling and we understand they will hand in very encouraging reports at the next meeting, which will be held at the hose house this evening. Everybody interested in this move is requested to be present.

One of the enterprises which they are attempting to locate here is the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern Railroad car shops, and it looks as though our chances are as good as any of the other towns at this time. It is not at all probable that money or other bonuses will make much difference with the location of these shops because the most advantageous location means more to a large corporation of this kind than a few hundreds of thousands of dollars. But in our way of thinking Smethport is the most desirable place on the line for the location of the car shops and our business men propose to be in a position to offer some inducements in case the P., S. & N. R. R. officials consider that our town would make a desirable location.

The committee has other manufacturing industries in view which will employ many men, and will continue to look for more, so we feel assured that before many months their labors will be rewarded by the location of one or more permanent industries in Smethport.

Several desirable sites for factories have been inspected and prices secured on these plots of land so that when it comes to selecting a location for any new industry the committee will be in a position to show just what it can do.

The committee on finances has met with excellent success from every quarter and many hundreds of dollars have been pledged for industries which will permanently increase the business of the town.

There is no better town in the State of Pennsylvania better located for manufacturing plants than Smethport. We have cheap fuel, pure water, good railroad facilities and all the advantages that make a good manufacturing town. If you want to help in this good cause attend the meeting at the hose house tonight.

Four Killed and More Injured.

A dispatch from Erie dated Nov. 11 says: A terrible accident happened early to-night on the Erie Traction Co.'s line, which runs between here and Cambridge Springs, in which four people were instantly killed and several badly injured, two fatally. The accident occurred one mile south of McKean, about 11 miles from this city.

The dead: Mrs. Bartley, Edinboro; Mrs. Sherwood, Cambridge Springs; Clark Amidon, McKean; Miss C. Leham of Lavery.

The fatally injured: Motorman Anderson, C. H. Davis, a traveling salesman, Goshen, Ind.

The accident was caused by the brakes on a car of gravel becoming loose, and allowing it to run out from the side track on which it had been placed to the main track, where there was a heavy down grade. While running at a high rate of speed it met and almost crushed through the passenger car which had left Erie shortly after 6 o'clock and which, as usual, was well filled with people, who had been in this city shopping and attending court.

The Most Popular

of all small heaters is the Lawrence Odorless. Just what you want for these chill days. Call and see our large display of all kinds of Heating Stoves.

Trading Stamps given.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Parker "Lucky Curve" is the best fountain pen made because it is always clean, works freely and does not leak in the pocket. Call at McCoy's Drug Store and see the large stock on exhibition.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The steam saw mill belonging to Benjamin Bunker, situated on the Allegany river at the mouth of Knapp's creek, in Eldred township, was consumed by fire on the morning of November 25, 1870. The loss is estimated between $6,000 and $8,000, with no insurance.

Who ever saw such beautiful weather this time of year? This is the first day of December, but it looks more like the first day of April.

Farmers Valley, Nov. 13, 1870. Ed. Miner:—I observe by the last Miner that you have had a fine squash sent you from Port Allegany and I will proceed to give you the product of nine seeds raised in my garden the past summer, in all 15 squashes. One squash of 78 pounds, one of 68, one of 63, two of 50 pounds each, two of 42 each, one of 37, two of 29 each, one of 20 and four of 19 pounds each. Total 684 pounds. Any person wishing a few seeds can be supplied by calling upon the subscriber. Respectfully yours, A. H. Cory.

The New York Standard says: A Pennsylvania journal nominates General Kane for Governor. General Kane is a man of rare gifts, an intrepid, far-seeing, brilliant, worthy gentleman, who did gallant service in the war and whose life is marked with deeds of courage and devotion to duty. The Republican party of Pennsylvania could make no better nomination than that of General Kane.

The Lyceum still progresses and the interest grows more manifest at every meeting. The question was well discussed at its last session. Messrs. Milliken and B. D. Hamlin were appointed chief disputants for the next meeting, but we believe the question to be debated has not been decided upon as yet. The declamations of Corna Sartwell and Flora Taylor were excellent. D. R. Hamlin's essay on "The Country—Its Past and Future" was a fine production and certainly he could not have chosen a subject more interesting to his audience. The select reading of Mrs. H. Hamlin was uncommonly good. It was an original essay and every sentence contained some beautiful thought. The production is of the highest order of composition and was most admirably read.

Our young friend Delano R. Hamlin was admitted to the bar this week. The committee of examination made a very complimentary report indeed. D. R.'s reputation for integrity and ability will enable him to occupy the first ranks in his profession. Success to him.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father in Ceres, Pa., on the 14th of December, 1870, by Rev. S. P. Guernsey, Mr. O. D. Vosburgh of Port Allegany and Miss Helen M. Smith of Ceres. We are surprised, Orrin, to hear of your "change of base," but most happy to chronicle the sensible step you have taken. May peace and plenty be your reward.

Dr. H. L. McCoy will return from New York this week. He has been attending one of the New York Medical colleges for several months past. Although a graduate of the Buffalo Medical College—one of the best in this country—he was not satisfied until he had taken a course in one of the first-class colleges of New York. Dr. McCoy is not only one of the rising young physicians who is destined to stand at the head of his profession, but he has the noble characteristics which are sure to raise men to success and position. On his return he will resume the practice of his profession.

On Wednesday night, Dec. 21, 1870, a man by the name of Uriah Robeson of Little Genessee, N. Y., was frozen to death on Marvin creek, about a half mile above Mr. Fletcher's. It appears that Mr. Robeson had been working on the Little Toby and on Wednesday night started from Wilcox with the purpose of coming to this place. On the following morning he was found dead, at the place above mentioned. A coroner's jury was summoned and rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by excessive fatigue and cold.

Yesterday, December 26, 1870, will be well remembered by the "Skating Fraternity" of this vicinity, as L. O. Chadwick, we are informed, "made a mile" in 3:50 on the pond belonging to H. M. Bush of this place.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father in Otto, on December 25, 1870, by Rev. H. Miles, Mr. Merrills W. Fisher of Bradford township and Miss Mary Ella, daughter of F. W. Sprague, Esq. The printers were remembered. Our wish is that their pathway be strewn with flowers, and happiness and plenty be their lot.

In Smethport, Jan. 1, 1871, by the Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. J. S. Steward of Kanona, N. Y., and Miss Ettie Wolters of Smethport.

Statistics show that during the year 1870 one hundred and eight foxes and ten wildcats were captured in McKean county.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

Rev. Sanborn's Lecture.

The Rev. Mr. Sanborn's illustrated lecture at the Baptist church Wednesday evening was most enjoyable. Mr. Sanborn was adopted and made a chief of the Seneca Indians a number of years ago. His studies and pictures of the Indians are all copyrighted, and were taken by Mr. Sanborn himself.

Mr. Sanborn has given a course of illustrated lectures at the various Chautauquas through the South and West. There is probably no white man in the United States who is so well informed and interested in the language, customs, ceremonies and legends of the Indians. Mr. Sanborn speaks the language fluently, and was for a number of years missionary to the various tribes. He is much loved and revered by his Indian friends.

Mrs. Young, president of the Travellers' Club, is to be congratulated upon her good fortune in securing for her various societies a man so well and favorably known as the Rev. Mr. Sanborn.

Chadwick's orchestra, consisting of Mr. John Chadwick, Mr. Quirk, Mr. Downey and Miss McClure played beautiful selections with rare taste and skill. The ushers were four young boys, Masters Apple, Hogarth and Brownell. They were dressed in Indian costumes and presented a very attractive appearance. Mr. Sanborn says that in his lecture experience he "never knew the like," and never saw a prettier sight than those sprightly little "savages" in their war paint and feathers.

The evening was most enjoyable, and not only pleasant, but the lecture and pictures gave all much information upon a subject little understood by most Americans.

Mrs. Young usually gives a social function each year to the members of the Travellers' Club. This year she thought to vary the monotony by having the Rev. Mr. Sanborn give his illustrated lecture. Mrs. Young also extended invitations to the C. L. S. C. and D. A. R. societies.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Stetson's big production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will appear at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th. It has been organized this season in a manner that will make it far superior to any previous production ever seen here. Special attention has been given to the staging of the piece and the scenery faithfully portrays several scenes of Southern life during ante-bellum days in old Dixie. A large number of genuine colored people, who introduce cake-walks buck dancing, Southern jubilee singing and funny scenes in the cotton fields add materially to the production. Misses Kitty Morgan and Bertha Cresbie are the two Topsies, Messrs. George Harris and Nick Glynn are the two Marks, and Stetson's original "Uncle Tom," Mr. Fred Bennett, will also be in the cast. Of late years the stage has been deluged by so many cheap "Uncle Tom" companies that the public has been led to regard an announcement of its production with a great deal of distrust. Mr. Leon Washburn, the manager of this company, has, however, succeeded in organizing a cast composed of specially selected players, chosen for their adaptability for the parts assigned them, and has received his reward in the generous patronage of the public and praise from the press. It is doubtful if "Uncle Tom," even when a novelty and new to the stage, ever received the attention so liberally bestowed upon it as now during this sumptuous revival. A street parade will be given that is said to delight every juvenile spectator beyond measure.

A Bucktail.

Comrade James Landrigan of Kushequa was the third man to enlist in Gen. Kane's famous Bucktail regiment away back in the sixties. He was in Bradford when he learned that Kane was recruiting a regiment of Northwestern Pennsylvania men and, walked from there to Smethport to join. Two men had signed the roll of enlistment before he did, but the other two failed to qualify, so in reality he was No. 1 in that historical roster. He was in the war three years and three months and although he did his share of the fighting the bullets of the opposition never touched him. He is still a well-preserved, active man.—Eldred Eagle.

"The Burglar."

The patrons of the Smethport Lyceum were given another good evening's entertainment Monday in the presentation of "The Burglar" by A. Q. Scammon's company. This company was strong throughout and the best thoughts of the author of this powerful emotional drama were well brought out.

The audience, although fairly large, was not as large as this company deserved, but if the management can keep up this standard of attractions it will not be long before the Lyceum will be filled for every attraction.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

Chas. Lemmler.

BOY KILLED AT EAST KANE.

Was Playing With Nitro-Glycerine Can Monday Afternoon.

CHAS. LOVER, AGED 13, THE VICTIM.

His Body Was Blown to Pieces—Another Small Boy Slightly Injured.

On Monday afternoon Charles Lover, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lover, was literally blown to pieces as the result of the explosion of a nitro-glycerine can which he and some other boys were playing with at East Kane. The Kane Republican of Tuesday gives the following details of the horrible accident:

It seems that the children who go to the Larson school house on the South Settlement road were returning from school and three or four boys stopped to play along the way. There were two or three glycerine cans lying along the side of the road, within twenty-five feet of the road. It was evident that the boys were aware that the cans were there and had been playing with them on previous occasions. This afternoon the Lover boy took one of the cans and went across the road. Two other boys, sons of Messrs. Lewis and Johnson, were with him, and just what occurred after the Lover boy carried the can to the other side of the road will, probably, never be known. The Lewis boy says all he remembers was seeing his companion pour out some of the deadly explosive onto some stone, and then he became confused and started to run home.

Mr. Lewis, who works for the Kane Brick Co., heard the explosion, started at once to the scene and met his son, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in his head, caused by a flying piece of the debris. Mr. Lewis asked his son where the other boys were, but could receive no definite information and started back to investigate. He soon came to the scene of the explosion and was horrified to find lying on the bank along the roadside the horribly mutilated body of young Lover. The legs and arms were missing and face terribly mutilated. The remains were picked up and conveyed to M. E. Costello's undertaking establishment, where they were prepared for burial. Searching parties were out this morning and found the two thighs.

The parents are heartbroken over their terrible affliction. Who is to blame for this terrible affair? The person who left these cans in such close proximity to the road. The remaining cans should be removed to a place of safety, where school children cannot get at them. Empty glycerine cans should be exploded at once and thus avoid all possible dangerous results.

New York State Not Democratic.

Comptroller Grout, who was elected two years ago by the Fusionists of New York city, but on last Tuesday by Tammany, is satisfied, or says he is, that the Democrats will carry not only New York, but the Nation, next year and elect their President.

It might be interesting to know on what grounds Mr. Grout bases such an opinion. Perhaps it is the mere burst of enthusiasm following victory, when everything is bright and cheerful and when there is not a sign of trouble in the political skies. Much can be forgiven when a successful candidate is in that condition.

But, as a matter of fact, the country has given evidence that it is still pretty solidly Republican. As for New York, there have been Republican gains in Buffalo, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse and other cities, while the Tammany majority in New York city is considerably short of that given against Roosevelt for Governor.

To carry New York State for a Democrat next year, the Democratic majority in Manhattan must be largely increased, for the great Republican vote in the State above the Bronx remains.

It would be a sad time for the United States should Presidential elections turn upon the immense foreign vote of New York city.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 7, 1903:

George E. Brainard, R. S. Boyer, Mrs. J. M. Bennett, G. N. Barrett, T. C. Baker, Mrs. Addie Barnaby, John Croppy, Paul Frances, Peter Heller, K. A. Krantz, H. Lingerton, A. M. Loomis, Miss Mabel Llewelyn, M. McAndrew, H. Madigan, Psatzie Lammy, Mammudith Rocco, Mrs. Alice Stanton, Lewis Schlosser, William Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. Gallup,
Postmaster.

The Miner and New York Tribune Farmer, $1.25 per year in advance.

Death of Hon. Loyal Ward.

Hon. Loyal Ward died suddenly at his home in Bradford last Sunday evening of heart failure, aged 76 years, 10 months and 4 days. Sunday morning he arose in his usual health and attended religious services. That evening after supper he complained of a sharp pain in his chest and requested his wife to get him a cup of hot water. Mrs. Ward started to comply with his request, but before she was out of the room he fell face downward on the lounge and expired before she could reach his side. Neighbors were summoned but their efforts at resuscitation were fruitless.

Loyal Ward was one of the oldest and best known residents of McKean county, where he has been a citizen since early manhood. He was born in Great Valley, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and was the fourth of a family of eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Ward. The family removed to Racine, Wis., while Mr. Ward was a child, returning to Cattaraugus county after an absence of three years. The boy was educated in the public schools and at the Springville, N. Y., seminary. Subsequently he became a school teacher and was engaged at his chosen occupation at Tarport and Littleton (villages which afterward became parts of Bradford city) and at Limestone and Salamanca. At the latter place he was principal of the High School for several terms.

In 1850 Mr. Ward took up his residence in Bradford and became a teacher in the public schools, which position he held for a period of two years. While engaged in teaching school he read law, and in 1853 was admitted to the bar. Success in the legal profession crowned his efforts from the beginning and he soon became one of the best known attorneys in the county. In 1871 his abilities as a jurist were accorded material recognition by the people and he was elected associate law judge of McKean county, which position he ably filled for a term.

In 1863 Mr. Ward was united in marriage to Miss Adaline E. Melvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Melvin, pioneers of McKean county. Seven children blest the union, of whom but two are now living, Mrs. Brewer Button of Chicago, Ill., and Wilbur Ward of Independence, Kan.

After retiring from the bench the Judge engaged in various oil and real estate enterprises. He retired from the oil business in 1884 and engaged entirely in the settlement of estates and to the amount and collecting business. He has at various periods been agent for the Newell, Edson and Kingsbury estates, in addition to his other affairs.

Although a strong advocate of temperance he was invariably allied with the Republican party and in former years took an active part in every political campaign. He was the party nominee for mayor of Bradford in 1890 and was elected by a handsome majority, being the first magistrate of the city to serve for a term of three years. During the past 10 years he has devoted his time entirely to his legal practice and collective agency, which was confined to office work.

Hon. Loyal Ward during his long career in both public and private life was fearless and outspoken in his opinions, and his position in matters political or religious were always beyond question. As associate law judge, mayor, member of the board of school control, or participating in a Pompeion club debate, he always defined his position beyond the shadow of a doubt and he was an earnest champion of everything or anything that he considered right or just. He attended both the Methodist and United Brethren churches and contributed liberally to all religious or charitable enterprises of these denominations.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefitted and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

does not imply to the game now in season. Remember our stock of Guns and Hunters' Supplies is complete and our prices are always the lowest.

Guns for Rent.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

Chas. Lemmler.

A Pioneer Preacher's Strenuous Sundays.

Some years ago there was a little town in McKean county, Pennsylvania, named Tarport, but familiarly known as "Hell-on-Wheels." There were from fifteen hundred to two thousand people there, living in the little "shacks" that are common in oil towns. A nearby preacher who wanted hard work told the people of "Hell-on-Wheels" he was coming there to preach. "We don't want you," they said, "there's nothing but a camp there anyway, and in six months there'll be nobody here." "I'll take my chances on that," said he. "We can't guarantee you any salary," they said. "I'll live out of the hat," said the preacher.

He took the only four hundred dollars he had in the world and built himself a little house in Tarport. Here is the way the young parson who wasn't afraid of a hard job spent every Sunday. In the morning he preached at Tarport in the opera house. After midday meal he took the train to Limestone, four miles away, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he conducted a preaching service for a handful of a congregation there. After church he walked back four miles on the railroad tracks to Tarport, took a hurried nap and a bite to eat, saddled his horse and rode horseback nine miles to Coleville, where to the accompaniment of clinking billiard balls and clinking glasses, he preached in a room over a saloon. Riding back to Tarport on horseback, his plucky wife would welcome home the minister-husband between eleven-thirty and midnight. He "passed the hat" at these three services, and they lived on the result, sometimes five dollars a week and sometimes as high as fifteen dollars.

That was the early life that developed the character of the now widely known pastor and writer, Charles Frederic Goss, D. D. He has just written a serial story for The Sunday School Times, "Two Months and a Star," based on the picturesque experiences of his varied charges. It promises to be, in the Sunday school realm, what Charles M. Sheldon's works are in the church world.

Lyceum's Next Attraction!

That which is described as the biggest and best "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company traveling, will appear at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th. Leon W. Washburn's Stetson Uncle Tom's Cabin company is composed of fifty men, women and children, all capable actors, actresses, singers and dancers. As a scenic production, it is said to be better than any other. Among others worthy of special mention are the Ohio river by moonlight, the beautiful Vision Scene and the gorgeous Transformation Scene at the close. A number of prize Shetland ponies, trick mules and Col. Sawyer's splendid pack of genuine Siberian bloodhounds are special features. The spectacular street pageant has a great many beautiful Shetland ponies, chariots and handsomely carved tableau wagons besides other novelties. The parade is led by Washburn's Great Military band and is worth going a long way to see.

Prepared for the Worst.

Mr. Brown's enemies say that there is nothing else in the world he enjoys so much as finding fault and putting other people in the wrong. When engaged in this pleasing occupation, he loses all hold on a sense of humor, which is none too keen at other times.

Not long ago he and his wife were taking a trip through the White mountains, and at one place they were to be called at half past 5 in the morning to take an early train. Mr. Brown wakened first and after a glance at his watch fell back on his pillow with a groan that frightened his wife out of her slumbers.

"Here it is on the tick of half past 5," grumbled Mr. Brown in response to his wife's troubled questions, "and if they don't call us within five minutes we shan't have time enough to get dressed and eat breakfast. But it's no more than I expected."

Locking His Door.

A Philadelphia traveling man was on a business trip through Alabama and one night found himself stranded in a wretched little town with only one slipshod, miserable hotel. His "room" for the night was the end of a hall, with a sheet hung up to screen him from view. In the middle of the night he woke up with his head hanging out over one end of his cot and his feet over the other, while a violent draft was blowing the hanging sheet in all directions. He called for the housekeeper. "What do you want with the housekeeper?" came a voice from somewhere in the darkness. "I want a paper of pins to lock my door with."

Useless Purchases.

Two eminent French gentlemen, who were great friends, used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days. Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald. One day Alphonse met him with a beaming countenance and cried gayly: "What do you think, Jules? I have been buying a strong box!" "Then, Alphonse," replied Jules firmly, "I shall buy a hairbrush!"

THE CAKE WALK

By

ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, 1903, by Zoe Anderson Norris

THE programme at an end, the manager, advancing to the footlights, announced the cake walk. There was a hushed moment. Then those who had stood tirelessly throughout on chairs made a mad rush for the seats giving upon the aisles down which the participants were to pass.

On the platform the judges had ranged themselves in a formidable row, importantly solemn. The cake stood before them, a square of flaky pink, upon which rose a giant pyramid, prismatic in the snowy brilliancy of its icing.

The music connecting the great curtain at the left swung aside, and the drum major appeared. Dancing daintily forth, he flung his baton to the roof—or nearly—caught it again and received the attendant burst of applause after the fashion of one to the manner born and accustomed.

Close on his heels followed the first couple.

Jasper Jefferson Jones, occupied a seat above the row of boxes at the extreme right, where an excellent view was to be had of the walkers as they rounded the curve and pranced down the broad aisle facing the entrance, but from which, because of the dense crowd intervening, only a parasol or two could be seen as they passed from beneath the curtain to this aisle. In order to see, therefore, he rose, the whites of his eyes gleaming in the excited dusk of his countenance.

The effort proving fruitless, he forced himself to sit again with the rest, occupying himself with consulting his programme, running a dark and trembling forefinger restlessly down throughout the list of names and finally stopping at "47—Maggie Malone, Frog Eyed Pete accompanying."

He raised his head in time to see the first couple come prancing around the curve, the girl looking seriously into the face of the man as she bowed, pirouetted once or twice and passed serenely on.

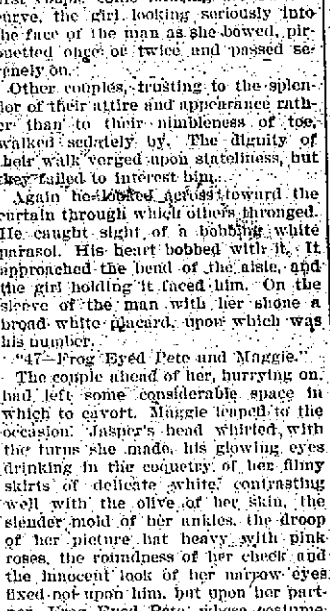
Other couples, trusting to the splendor of their attire and appearance rather than to their nimbleness of toe, walked sedately by. The dignity of their walk verged upon stateliness, but they failed to interest him.

Again he looked across toward the curtain through which others thronged. He caught sight of a bobbing white parasol. His heart bobbed with it. It approached the bend of the aisle, and the girl holding it faced him. On the sleeve of the man with her shone a broad white placard, upon which was his number.

"47—Frog Eyed Pete and Maggie."

The couple ahead of her, hurrying on, had left some considerable space in which to cavort. Maggie leaped to the occasion. Jasper's head whirled, with the turns she made, his glowing eyes drinking in the coquetry of her filmy skirts of delicate white, contrasting well with the olive of her skin, the slender mold of her ankles, the droop of her picture hat heavy with pink roses, the roundness of her cheek and the innocent look of her narrow eyes fixed not upon him, but upon her partner, Frog Eyed Pete, whose costume, containing her colors, matched hers in a way very pleasing to behold. In like manner the wonderful variety of his gyrations coincided with the grace of her pirouettings.

Maggie had paused effectively in the center of the aisle. With a whirl she



THE GIRL FACED HIM.

stood proudly upon either, though as a matter of fact she rested on the tip of one toe.

A shout of delight, "Bully!" cried he.

The burst of applause brought about by his maneuver he once more stood, panting with pride, following the dip of her slight figure until it disappeared and the wave of her white parasol above the heads of the crowd as she gyrated before the ravished eyes of the row of judges alone presented itself.

He was brought back to earth by a second burst of applause which echoed from box to gallery. A dazzling couple held the floor before him. Frowningly he recognized them—Pickaninny Simpson and her dapper partner, Light Foot Sam.

Involuntarily he shaded his eyes from the [illegible] coloring. Gorgeous in [illegible] bespangled, Pickaninny brandished a pink parasol above a splendid hat of the same rich color as she twirled halfway round, then twirled back again, persistently repeating this performance until the wonder of it was that her body did not rebel at the tremendous nature of the exertion and separate at the hinge of the waist line where it was joined.

If Maggie had been greeted with approbation the applause ensuing upon the accomplishment of this feat was stupendous. The rafters rang.

The couple sailed triumphantly on, and the music stopped.

Then the manager, again advancing, announced in stentorian tones that out

SHE WAS WILLOWLIKE AND SUPPLE.

of the fifty or more couples on the floor ten of the best would be selected for the final competition for the prize.

This was done. Those who had depended upon their appearance rather than on their nimbleness of toe were promptly dropped out of the running.

Then commenced the chassezing of the ten. Jasper's pride threatened to escape the confines of his high white collar and burst the button thereof when among these favored ones he discerned the rapturous parasol of Maggie Malone. Again she came lilfooing slowly around the curve, this time very elegant in a movement somewhat resembling that of the minuet. Bowing low in the elaborate courtesy of dames of long ago, she challenged the gallery.

It should itself honor.

Shrieks of applause ascended roofward, whereupon, not to be outdone, Frog Eyed Pete turned himself wrong side out and all but stood on his head with his feet in the atmosphere.

Gazing gloomily upon this excess of effort, Jasper Jefferson Jones' black lips compressed themselves into a grim line of disapproval, which happily for Frog Eyed Pete was all lost on him.

His glance left the offender and rested on Maggie Malone, who just then skirted the curve nearest him, her cream colored countenance turned gravely upward. He leaned breathlessly forward, hoping for a look of recognition, but none came. Accompanied by a ringing echo of cheers, she danced on and on, willowlike and supple as a nymph, and disappeared.

Her disappearance made room for Pickaninny, who, sprinting blithely into the arena, went into contortions of cake walking bordering upon extravaganza.

It would be easier to describe what Pickaninny didn't do than what she did.

The crowd went mad. It shrieked. It stamped. It yelled. Calls of "No. 5!" her number, reverberated, split the air, broke upon the din like hailstones on a roof, and Pickaninny passed.

Though the evolutions of the eight other couples were well worth watching, Jasper failed to watch them. Except for the alert policemen, formidable in brass buttoned uniforms, stationed here, there and everywhere, he would have left his place in the gallery and lagged hungrily along in the shining wake of Maggie Malone.

The music halting for the third time, the manager stood before the footlights, facing the cake and the audience.

"No. 5!" was hurled at him from all points of the compass, mingled with some cries of "No. 47!" but not many.

Jasper came nearer than he had ever come before to turning white. "No. 5!" Pickaninny's number. And the crowd, dazed by the glitter of her spangles, apparently determined to set aside whatever decision the judges might attempt to make and decide for itself.

A lump rising in his throat at the thought of Pickaninny's triumph and his Maggie's defeat threatened to choke him.

The clarion voice of the manager broke in on his distress.

"The judges so far have been unable to arrive at any decision," it said. "Now, five will be picked from the ten, and these will walk directly in front of them upon the stage."

The judges employed ten minutes or so in moving back to make room for those who were to walk, and Jasper contrived somehow or other to live through this interval and on into that of the appearance of the first three couples who came forward from the wings, bowing to the judges.

The fourth arrived—Pickaninny, the blaze of her spangles further augmented by the glare of the footlights.

The welkin rang. Hats were hurled ceilingward.

She took her place with the rest, and Maggie, ravishing in the filmy cloud of her white apparel, advanced and bowed low amid shrieks of cheering, but not shrieks of so exaggerated a character as had greeted her rival of the spangled skirts and parasol.

The music commenced. A girl drifted lightly along the stage flanked by a partner so nimble of limb as to seem to be double jointed. They danced and whirled and rotated and stood aside. Two others walked and it came to the turn of Pickaninny. Yells of "No. 5!" greeted her. With some difficulty the manager quieted the house, and she danced.

Jasper was filled with dismay as he saw the grace of her former antics multiplied manifold. She twisted backward, this way and that and sidewise, the whirl of her pink parasol serving, like the parasol of the rope walker, to steady her. Light Foot Sam, now near, now far, aiding and abetting her to the threatening of serious detriment to the safety of his spinal column.

Roars ensued. The judges changed color. Evidently in the event the cake was not given to Pickaninny anything might be expected, mob riots perhaps, followed in all probability by a lynching or two.

Jasper's heart sank within him. He gave a long drawn sigh as she retired, and Maggie tilted forward with a bow.

All his soul sprang to his eyes as he watched her drift, light as a will-o'-the-wisp, across the glimmer of the far off stage, Frog Eyed Pete following after, and sling her chocolate arms aloft in an attitude of supplication.

A mild murmur of applause resulted.

With distended orbs Jasper followed her movements. They could hardly be called movements. She floated. She swam. She rested upon nothing, as it were—in other words, on air.

The excitement of the moment suddenly rushed to Jasper's head. Framing his mouth in two black hands, he shouted across the breadth of the intervening space:

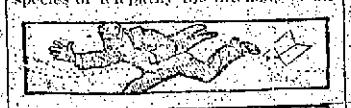
"Maggie, Maggie! Oh, go on! Keep it up, Maggie! For de Lawd's sake, keep it up!"

Maggie, carried away by sheer ecstasy of motion, was keeping it up. She drifted, she pirouetted, she lost herself in the rhythm, the madness and the waltz.

Jasper's distended eyes gleamed. The dusky hands about his wide mouth trembled. He shouted again:

"Maggie, Maggie! Give 'em, de toe turn, Maggie! Oh, Maggie, give 'em de toe turn! De toe turn!"

Whether or not she heard or by some species of telepathy the intensity of his



MAGGIE'S LIDS UNCLOSED.

desire had made itself known to her, she vaulted skyward, light as down, rested on the tip of a pointed toe for one mad moment and whirled.

Again she poised herself, butterfly-like, and Pickaninny, looking forlornly and prophetically on, saw the beginning of her finish.

And as for Jasper, he stood transfixed while Maggie bowed backward to the exhilarating music of applause, and the manager, defying lynch law and mob riot, coming formally forward, presented her with the icy splendor of the cake.

The cook succeeded in remaining intact above the din which followed, but Maggie, gone suddenly delirious, sprang toward the footlights, executed a bow which bade fair to rival the toe turn in agility, then, exhausted by excitement and the fatigue of exertion, fell prone, a helpless, chocolate colored heap, on the boards of the stage.

Jasper's eyeballs well nigh started from their sockets at the sight. With a wild leap, accompanied by a wilder cry, he vaulted over chair back after chair back and reached the aisle. Down that he sped like mad, and with a nimbleness unexcelled by the nimblest of cake walkers he bounded to the stage, raised the prostrate form of the taker of the cake and pressed it to his heart.

Maggie's lids unclosed. With a sigh and a smile indicative of deep and unadulterated content she wound her olive arms about his neck and, drawing the dusk of his loving face down to hers, kissed it, while Frog Eyed Pete, who had successfully piloted her to fame and the winning of the prize, stood by, large eyed and sad, looking miserably on.

Saw His Finish.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Mrs. Naggs, "I've bitten off the end of my tongue!"

"Well, I certainly feel sorry for myself," rejoined the heartless Naggs. "Hereafter there will be no end to your tongue."—Buffalo News.

A Hardware Talk.

"Yes," said the nut to the nail, "it gave me a terrible wrench to part from him, but I knew it would be only a matter of a few days before he would bolt anyway."

Sweet Simplicity.

"Auntie, ought Bertie Wilson to have smiled so often at me in church?"

"No, dear. Where was he sitting?"

"Behind me."

His Outing.

"Were you out driving yesterday?"

"Yes, out $6 for the rig. The girl told me she was engaged to another fellow."—Exchange.

Infancy is the germ period of man's existence; it is the spring time of the year, the time of [illegible]

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOOED

Movements of the Feet Will Quiet the Nervous Brain.

Most of the mental devices for wooing sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment." In other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking by thinking about something else, a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously, the invariable forerunner of sleep, may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced is better than any purely mental attempt to woo sleep, but if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland.

After several nights of experiment to this desired end the writer decided to apply the principle adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulations "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which in the case of insomnia would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing.

Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntary deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head, and with the removal of brain tension a general relaxation follows, with a sequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.—Good Housekeeping.

WHAT THE MOON CAN TELL

A clear moon indicates frost.

A dull looking moon means rain.

A single halo around the moon indicates a storm.

If the moon looks high, cold weather may be expected.

If the moon looks low down, warm weather is promised.

The new moon on her back always denotes wet weather.

A double halo around the moon means very boisterous weather.

If the moon changes with the wind in the east, then shall we have bad weather.

If the moon be bright and clear when three days old, fine weather is promised.

When the moon is visible in the daytime, then may we look forward to cool days.

When the points of the crescent of the new moon are very clearly visible, frost may be looked for.

If the new moon appear with its points upward, then will the month be dry, but should the points be downward more or less rain must be expected during the next three weeks.—American Queen.

Confounding a Doubter.

"This paper says that they have jest descovered the remains of a twenty foot saurian on th' banks of th' Penobscot river."

"What's a saurian?"

"I dunno. Guess mebby it's one o' them misprints fer a sardine."

"There ain't no twenty foot sardines."

"Well, there might be the remains of one."

"I don't believe it. Do you suppose anybody'd want ter buy a box of sich sardines? I guess not."

"You're too dern critical. Ef there is th' remains o' any twenty foot sardines on th' Penobscot don't you suppose there might also be th' remains of men big enuff to buy 'em by the box? You're a atheeist, that's what you are."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Menace to Society.

The Colonel—Well, boys, this is my last night at the club. I've got to be a fearful menace to society, so there's nothing left for me to do but go away and be a hermit for the rest of my life.

The Chorus—Why?

The Colonel—Because I've lived here so long I know everybody's family history.

The Chorus—What of that?

The Colonel—And, confound it, I've got into the habit of thinking aloud.—New York Times.

St. Dunstan and the Devil.

One of the most famous smiths of the Weald was St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury. Mayfield, in Sussex, is the site of an ancient archiepiscopal palace, and here, according to some, took place the terrific encounter between St. Dunstan and the devil. At any rate, the anvil, hammer and tongs, which are alleged to have belonged to the saint are still preserved at Mayfield palace.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Model Cook.

"Have you a good cook?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the bride. "Why, when I want to experiment with a new cookbook she takes the blame for all the failures and lets me have the credit for all the successes."—Chicago Post.

Unsatisfactory.

May—Did Clara's husband leave her much when he died?

Belle—He left enough to make her comfortable, but not enough to get her a second husband.—Life.

Art is the work of man under the guidance and inspiration of a mightier power.—Hare.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

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all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

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A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

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Smethport, Penn.

March 3, 1903.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
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HOTEL IMPERIAL.
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds, and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

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First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
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MODERN PHARMACY.

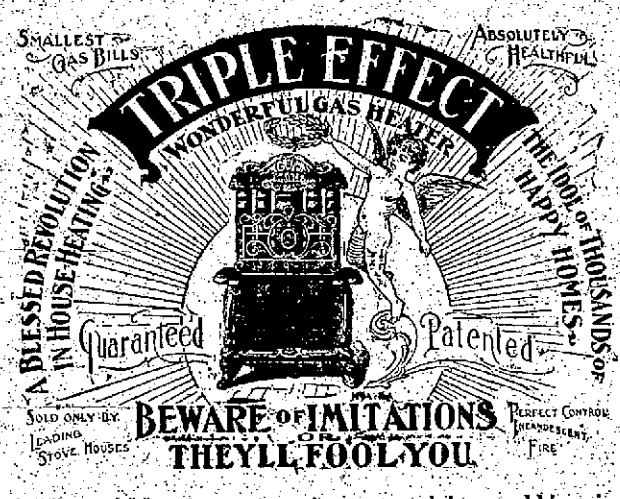
Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.



These Heaters need no pushing. We simply want you to know that we have them as usual.

A full line of others also.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Let everybody get together and pull for the improvement of Smethport.

—Hagberg & Sherburne, the grocers, have a new advertisement in this issue.

—Both men's and women's dormitories at Alfred are filled to overflowing this year.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have an attractive advertisement this week which everyone should read.

—Mrs. Charles McKean gave a card party and dinner for a number of lady friends Monday afternoon.

—Stetson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. See this ever popular play.

—W. J. Kerr, the popular jeweler, has moved his family here from Mt. Jewett. They are occupying the Metzgar house on Green street.

—Mrs. Mary E. Schenley died in London, Eng., last Thursday. Her estate is worth about $50,000,000 and she was a great benefactress for Pittsburg.

—E. E. Holcomb, who was lodged in the county jail recently on the charge of surety of the peace and assault and battery on Mrs. W. Shepard of Custer City was released on bail of $300 on Monday.

—Dowie in New York is not so popular now. At first he had thousands of hearers at his lectures and at last he was lucky if he got a hundred. A fakir like Dowie should not stay too long in one place.

—Walter Henry, assistant superintendent of the Potter Gas Co., was quite seriously burned in a gas explosion in Elmira last Friday. His many friends in this place will be pleased to learn that his injuries are not considered dangerous.

—Miss Ethel Ellison of Hilton street entertained last night in honor of Miss Rose Barnett of New Castle and Miss Elsie Wilkinson of Smethport. Music and dancing was indulged in and luncheon was served.—Saturday's Bradford Record.

—Messrs. Eugene Mullin and John P. Mullin announce that they have formed a partnership for the practice of the law under the firm name of Eugene and J. P. Mullin, with offices at 15 Main street, Bradford.

—Gov. Pennypacker has written a very devout and edifying Thanksgiving proclamation. He says that we should all be thankful for the blessings which the past year has brought. Does he mean that editors should be thankful because a certain libel law has not been enforced?—Bradford Era.

—An exchange says that the people who need religion are: The man who left his horse standing out in the cold all day without a blanket on; the man who growls like a wild beast when his wife asks him for money; the woman who is not what she ought to be; the minister who is looking for an easier place and higher salary; the man who walks the street with his hands in his pockets; the man who keeps a dog and says he can't afford to take the home paper.

Holding Up a Bank.

Perhaps the first Confederate bank raided by Union soldiers was one at Charleston, Va., as Milroy was making his way up the Shenandoah valley.

"Bumming" was in its infancy then, but a dozen of the fellows found themselves ahead of the army and resolved to strike for a big stake. They made a sudden attack on the town at daylight and then dashed in and made for the bank. They broke in the door with an ax, obliged the banker to unlock his safe and something like $600,000 was carried away as they retreated.

A day later they bundled up $100,000, strapped it on the back of an old lame mule and hired a farmer to deliver the "wealth" to General Milroy in person. Accompanying the money was a note which advised the general to bribe the Confederates to keep ahead of him and do no fighting. As his military maneuvers had been checkmated right along and his reputation was under a cloud, it was a hard shot at him. The story got to Washington and was commented on by President Lincoln, and it has been asserted that the president's levity caused the general to tender his resignation.

Electrical Fishes.

The electrical fishes do not belong to any one class or group—some are found in fresh water, while others inhabit the sea. They possess two distinct types of electrical organs. One closely relates in structure to muscle, as found in the torpedo, gymnotus and skate, while the other presents more of the characters of the structure of a secreting gland, as illustrated by the electrical organ of the thunderfish. Both types are built upon a vast number of microscopical elements, each of which is supplied with a nerve fiber. These nerve fibers come from large nerves that originate in the nerve centers, brain or spinal cord, and in these centers are found special large nerve cells, with which the nerve fibers of the electric organs are connected and from which they spring. Yet the electricity is generated in the electric organ itself. In these animals there are specialized organs for the production of electricity on an economical basis far surpassing anything yet contrived by man.—American Inventor.

The Difference in Slang.

"She uses slang," said the cultured young woman in a tone of deep disapproval.

"That isn't the worst of it," answered Miss Cayenne. "She uses slang that hasn't yet received the sanction of smart society."—Boston Journal.

An Anecdote of Disraeli.

On one occasion Disraeli's habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her propaganda she wound up with a fervid appeal to the prime minister to immortalize himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity. As she finished her impassioned harangue with flushed cheeks and flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterward declared, "and I had had a knife I would have stabbed him!"—Blackwood's.

Bridge Building Brotherhoods.

It was in France that brotherhoods for building bridges first took shape. In 1178 a bridge was begun over the Rhone at Avignon by Saint Benezet, the head of a body called Fratres Pontis, who undertook the building and repairing of bridges during the middle ages. A second soon followed at St. Esprit.

About the same time Peter of Colechurch, the head of a similar brotherhood in England, began the first stone bridge over the Thames at London.

In many cases when a bridge was built a chapel was founded, to which a priest was attached to pray for the soul of the founder, to receive money and to offer prayers with the passengers for a safe journey.

The strange Gothic triangular bridge at Crowland, over three streams, alluded to in a charter of 943, was built by the abbot of Crowland, and Abbot Bernard built the Burton bridge over the Trent, the longest in England, 1,562 feet long, which carries the roadway over thirty-six arches.—London Globe.

Fashion Masks.

The Chinese are the greatest of all [illegible] they are certainly the most [illegible] wearing masks for [illegible] the most curious things is that they wear little masks on their noses as well as big ones to cover their faces. These finger masks, the like of which are unknown anywhere else in the world, usually represent the sun. They are of wood, carved with a beaming or weeping face, and the rays of the sun are represented by white hair from the belly of the wild reindeer set around as a fringe. The sun is the most important of the Eskimos divinities, and the principal object of the winter ceremonial is to persuade the sun god to come back from the south.

File and Save Money.

At the Metropolitan club of Washington one evening Justice Harlan of the supreme court had introduced to him a well known New York business man who was given to boasting of the large income he enjoyed.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that as near as he could tell he supposed his income exceeded $100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses it costs me $80,000 a year to live!"

"Dear me!" said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really, that's too much. I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Rope and Graphite.

Graphite is stated to be an excellent preservative for manila rope. One rope manufacturer treats the inner yarns of each strand as well as the core in a bath of lubricant, the ingredients of which are graphite and oil. This lubricant thoroughly permeates all the fiber, thus overcoming internal wear, while sufficient comes to the surface, and the lubricant does not injure the rope.—London Engineer.

Long Enough.

A rather pompous orator rose once to make an extended speech at an English electioneering meeting. He began in this fashion, "Mr. Chairman, I have lived long enough"—

"Hear, hear!" yelled a member of the audience, and such a storm of laughter broke out that the aspirant for honors was forced to resume his seat.

A Battered Legend.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" (Pay, stranger!")

The Days.

The days are ever divine. They come and go like unveiled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

The Mystery of It.

"I can't understan'," said Uncle Eben, "how it is dat some folks kin be too proud to work an' at de same time humble enough to let de fam'ly give 'em board an' lodgin' free."—Washington Star.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Cereous Food Co., La Roy, N. Y.

Just Laugh.

As the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword, so the laugh is on occasion as powerful as in eloquence the spoken word.

"There are many different kinds of conversational accomplishments," remarked a man well up in the ways of the world, "and I have paid due attention to the cultivation of such as lie within my range. Great is language—great, indeed—and beautiful withal. Next to my limited ability with words, however, I rank my faculty of using the smile or the laugh, as the case may be.

"I don't mean pleasantry and mirth, as domestic social graces, but as defensive business artillery. Of course a man's first impulse when another misguided man makes a palpable move to do him up or asks some unreasonable and preposterous business favor is to enter on wordy opposition, strenuous naturally and perhaps violent. This, I have learned, is waste of nervous force and allows argument on the part of the unfriendly man who is trying to make the touch. The stronger weapon is to laugh. Just laugh. Utter not a word, no matter how much the other may say, but just keep on laughing. I've routed many deep laid, dishonest schemes with a good, hearty laugh. Try it."—Detroit Free Press.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamp lighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread with a knot at the end will not be so likely to fetch a telltale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvium belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out while blindfolded from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.

An English Election Experience.

An Englishman relates the following election experience: "I was taking part in canvassing a constituency without a representative. I was announced as a speaker at a mass meeting held in a large field within shadow distance of a famous cathedral. One of the other orators delivered the most impressive speech I have ever heard. He spoke of the struggle of the poor, how they had to bear their burden. He made me almost cry by his eloquence. He talked about his own little home, which he only just managed to keep together by the sweat of his brow. 'Who is he?' I asked. 'Well,' replied my friend, the candidate, 'he is known in his own town as "Topshop Dick" because he is a prosperous pawnbroker.'"

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Balliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.

The Sudanese Baby.

A Sudanese baby when dressed up in its best clothes is probably the most uncomfortable infant in the world. The coat or outer garment which fashion dictates should be worn reaches to its very heels. It is of heavy velvet, hanging in many folds. This in turn is adorned with countless buttons and bangles of brass, considerably adding to its weight. Its cap in turn is of the same material, similarly decorated and doubtless equally uncomfortable.

The Cradle.

Peter Cooper had fifty-five years of domestic happiness and morning fire building. Mr. Cooper was an ingenious man. When a cradle became necessary in his home, as was sometimes the case years ago, Peter rigged a self rocking cradle, with a fan attachment. Afterward he patented the device and sold the patent. There were many opportunities "in those days."

The Loser.

"He's what I call a 'good loser.'"

"He didn't seem that way to me."

"Why, I saw him lose $150 at poker last night, and he didn't kick at all."

"Funny! You should have heard him today when he dropped a half dollar and it rolled down the culvert."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Means.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to—

Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.

Keep in the sunshine and go where men and women are hopeful. If it rains keep enough sunlight in your heart to last till the sun beams again.—Schoolmaster.

ACME MILL,

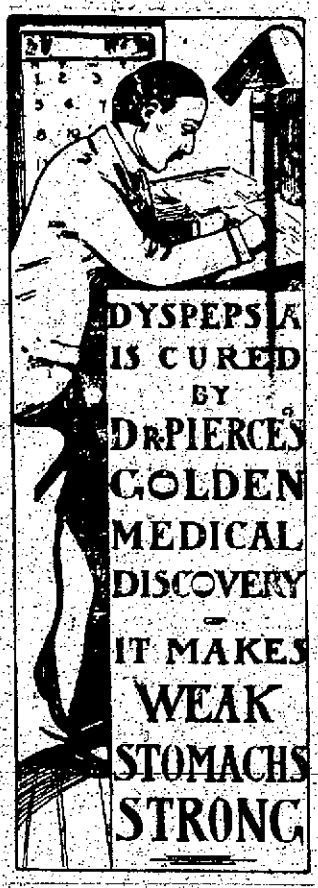
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.



DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

That is the Coffee for Me.

That is what many a good judge has said after trying Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand of Mocha and Java. It has a rich taste, a pleasing aroma and a clear, deep amber color which win coffee drinkers, no matter how high priced coffee they are accustomed to use.

I have the exclusive sale of this coffee and have had it for 10 years and have yet to find a customer we could not please. Our coffee trade has increased over 100 per cent since we got this coffee agency and we consider ourselves fortunate to hold the agency instead of our competitors.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne

Smethport - Penn'a.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's LINE OF BREAD, PIES, etc., are the BEST

Business Education brings quick returns. 52 of last year's students now filling good positions. Chances are much better here; we limit the number, have fewer to provide for; give individual instruction, etc. 3000 REFERENCES but no "solicitors." School run strictly on its merits.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Oleah, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $10.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and adminstrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. P. BECKWITH.

Grimsby, Pa., Nov. 4, 1903.

CONGRESS convened in extra session on Monday. When this body gets down to work some very important measures will be acted upon.

COL. A. K. MCCLURE, the veteran Philadelphia journalist, was on Monday appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Eastern District.

JOSEPH G. CANNON of Illinois was elected Speaker of the House on Monday. The Democrats cast their votes for their new leader, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi.

COAL miners numbering 10,000 went out on strike in Colorado on Monday. They demand an 8-hour day, increased wages and other concessions. Ore hundred mines have been closed.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand cases of yellow fever, with a death rate of fully 5 per cent. is the estimate placed upon the epidemic in Texas and that part of Mexico just over the border, by Dr. B. D. Murray, international yellow fever expert, who has just returned from a trip through the infected district. Dr. Murray also declared that the deaths are greatly in excess of the numbers reported in the official bulletins. The strictest quarantine is on in nearly every city and town in the region.

THAT expensive and amusing humbug—the Government distribution of seeds—is to be carried out the coming year on a grander scale than ever. The weight of the seeds is a thousand tons; the cost to the Government, $270,000; the number of packages, 40,000,000, and each Congressman's share is 12,500. Now as the greater number of Congressmen come from the big cities where no seeds can be used, and as the intelligent farmer and trucker buys his seed from a reliable firm or store, we do not see much use in the Federal Government keeping up what was good in its day, but is a humbug now. There might be some justification for sending out seed to the various agricultural stations throughout the country, but the policy of franking them all over the United States to persons who neither want nor need them is a petty abuse which should have been dropped long ago.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9, 1903.

Events in Panama are being watched here with close interest, and it is the general opinion that the revolution will be successful and that the new Republican del Istmo (Republic of the Isthmus) will succeed in establishing its independence and gaining its recognition by [illegible] The secession of Panama [illegible] was almost a foregone conclusion after the Bogota government rejected the canal treaty. Panama is geographically separate from Columbia and the interests of the two states are antagonistic, so that when Columbia attempted to block the canal a separation was inevitable. Panama has declared her independence, adopted a red, white and blue flag, placed a triumvirate in charge of the government, expelled all the Columbian troops who would not join in the revolution, and has now received a partial recognition by the United States. American warships have arrived at each side of the Isthmus, marines have been landed and this country has made clear its purpose to maintain an open traffic on the isthmus, as it is obliged to do by the treaty of 1846. This treaty was signed with New Granada, a nation of which Columbia is the remaining fraction. In addition to the obligation of our government to maintain open traffic across the isthmus at all times, we agreed also to guarantee New Granada (now Columbia) in its sovereignty and property on the isthmus. We have recognized the de facto government on the isthmus and authorized consular officers to do business with it. Senator Cullom, chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, is deeply interested in the revolution and says he hopes a government will be established so that the United States can negotiate a canal treaty and proceed [illegible] the construction. His opinion is generally adhered to at the capitol [illegible] cognizing the sovereignty of the [illegible] public we should have to consider the part of New Granada to which [illegible] treaty of 1846 applied, just as now consider Columbia. Panama [illegible] very small state, about 250,000 inhabitants, and if independent it would come under the virtual protectorate, if not into actual possession, of the United States. This is the opinion held by the European powers and in their desire to see the canal completed they seem to make no objection to the isthmus coming under the control of the United States.

The elections last Tuesday brought much satisfaction to Republican politicians here, who are still discussing them with reference to their effect on the Presidential campaign next fall. The grand victory in Ohio insures Senator Hanna's reelection for another senatorial term, completely discredits Tom Johnson as a political leader and shows that the State will be a stronghold for the party next fall. In Massachusetts the Democrats were prevented from getting control of a Republican State and the political ambitions of Richard Olney were quieted forever. In New York city the municipal campaign became a party one, and of course the Democrats won. They always carry the city, but seldom the State. The Republicans made many gains in the rest of the State and added to their majority in the legislature. The Democratic alliance with Tammany is certain to injure their party, and New York State will no doubt remain in the Republican column next fall. The Democrats carried Maryland on the race issue. Maryland has strong Southern sympathies, is usually Democratic and the Republicans in the State were disunited by a quarrel between Senator McComas and Representative Mudd. The party defeat in the State should prove a lesson to the Republicans in both Maryland and Delawgre, and show them that if they wish to share in the party's success next fall, they must put aside their local differences and unite on the national issues. As far as the Democratic Presidential nomination is concerned, those men who have gained the most by the elections are Hearst and Gorman. With the exceptions of Hearst's papers the entire press of New York city was against Tammany, and now the successful candidates are calling attention to this fact and expressing their gratitude to Representative Hearst. As Mayor-elect McClellan was born in Saxony he is not eligible for the nomination and he will no doubt support Hearst who is making great efforts to win the labor vote. Senator Gorman has the prestige of having carried his State, and is the champion of the Southern attitude on the race question. He is regarded as a "safe" candidate and the "money power" is said to favor him. It may be Gorman or Hearst or perhaps Gorman and Hearst, or may be Hearst and Gorman.

The annual report of the governor of Hawaii has been received by the Secretary of the Interior. It shows that there has been an increase in commerce in the territory, advises that a limited immigration of Chinese be allowed, and recommends a slight duty on coffee to protect the native planter who is unable to compete with the foreign importers. The population of the territory is composed of Hawaiian, Portugese, Japanese, Chinese, Scandinavian, Spanish, British German and American. There are many marriages between Hawaiian women and Chinamben. The offspring of both classes of marriage seem to be an improvement on the pure Hawaiian. Unless there is an increased immigration from America, there is grave danger that owing to the numerical inferiority of Anglo Saxons, the islands will come under the complete control of the Oriental races. The public schools have done more than anything else to lessen race prejudice in the territory, and the mixed populations seem to get on well together. Under the recent militia law passed by Congress the Hawaiians have undertaken to build up a strong and efficient National Guard.

Senator Gorman has been furnished with some more "Booker Washington dinners" by the fact that five negroes, blue jackets of the United States navy, together with about two hundred of their white companions, were served refreshments in the state dining room of the White House, where the sailors, in command only of petty officers, had been received by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. They were enlisted men of the U. S. Mayflower and Sylph which are lying in the Washington navy yard, and which were used by the President and his family very often last summer. The commissioned officers had nothing to do with the reception which was given the enlisted men of the navy by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

Lieutenant General Young, chief of staff of the army, has just decided that the garrison in the Philippines shall consist from now on of nine regiments of infantry and four of cavalry. No further reduction will be made until barrack accommodations can be provided for in the United States. The present force is the largest that can be sent without interfering with the Alaska and Porto Rico service.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

New Goods

coming in every day.

Our stock of

MILLINERY

is very large and up-to-date in every respect.

We also carry a large stock of ladies' furnishing. An elegant line of furs just received.

Ask for purple stamps.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

LADIES' WINTER COATS

In the swell straight front and tight fitting back, military styles, tan coverts, black kerseys, zibelines, etc., extra good values at $10.00 $12.50 $15.00

LADIES' TAILOR MADE SUITS

In all the popular styles and materials. No house in Southwestern New York can show you such a variety of styles at such low prices. $12.50 to $35.00

LADIES' FURS.

A great showing of the very latest ideas in furs, near seal coats, stoles and muffs in martin, squirrel, mink, fox sable and beaver. Years of experience has taught us the art of buying furs. You profit by our experience. Fur stoles $2.98 to $50. Fur Muffs. Fur Coats.

FURNITURE.

Keep in mind the Furniture Dept. is connected with this store. No furniture store can quote you such low prices. No furniture store within 70 miles can show you such immense stock. Special inducement to out of town customers.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

McCoy's Drug Store.

We have had so many calls for The Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, with an accidental insurance, that we have added a show case full of them to our stock and we invite your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Boldly and Truthfully

we state that we can produce

Better Styles,
Better Fitting Clothing,
Finer Shoes, Hats, Underwear,
&c., at

LOWER PRICES

Than the whole combination of competitors in this city.

It will not cost you a cent to look us over.

Wm. Monheimer.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $50 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

When The Leaves Begin To Turn

And the cool breezes blow from the north the man who cares to dress well begins to think of a new suit. There is good sense in thinking about it, for, though often wrong, the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes.

Dress well, but dress economically. Get the most for your money. We aim to supply the clothing wants of every man in Smethport.

We cater to all classes.

We have on hand ready for your inspection a full line of the following:

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Young's and Bonar's Hats.
Terhune Union Made Shoes.
Superior Sweaters.

And we can also make you a suit or overcoat to order.

Call in and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

Your old and Reliable Clothier.

H. W. RUBIN.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Go to store of

D. C. YOUNG

and do your trading. Best assorted stock in town. Do not forget to ask for

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

When you get a book filled you can get one of the finest premiums ever offered in exchange for trading stamps. If you have not already seen the premiums it will pay you to call and look them over. Then look over premiums given by dealers in other trading stamps and you can satisfy yourself which are the best. To those merchants who are sneaking about town exchanging inferior stamps for purple trading stamps, would say, come to my store and I can make arrangements for you to have all the stamps and get them in an honorable way. If there are any of my customers who have been taken in by this underhanded dealing, would say to them, come to my store and start a new book on same terms your original book was started.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Oct. 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings

Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.
Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD, The Big Double Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the

Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

Men's Furnishings. Standard Patterns.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Cloaks and Shoes.

Carpets and Lace Curtains

We have the largest and most complete line of Carpets and Lace Curtains that we have ever shown and the quality, patterns and prices are such that they will be sure to please.

For the balance of November we will MAKE and LINE all carpets free of charge.

Pro Brussels Carpets in a large number of handsome patterns @ 69c a yard.

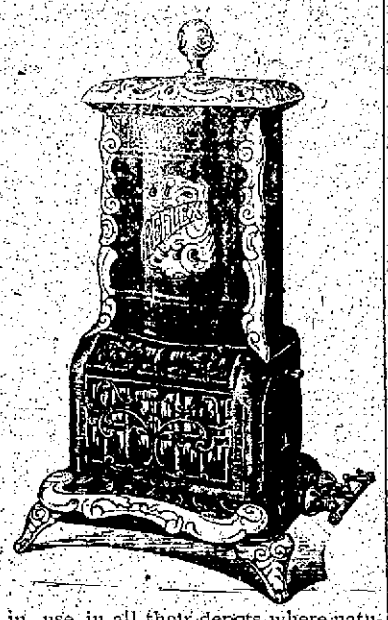
Royal Ingrains	@	69c yd.
Union Ingrains	@	48c yd
Body Brussels	@	$1.35 yd
Gem Tapestries	from	75c to $1.15 yd
Axminsters	@	$1.35–$1.40 yd
Velvets	@	$1.15–$1.30 yd

See our 98c Lace Curtains. They are good values at $1.25.

We also have a very large assortment in the newest designs in white and Arabian, prices from 49c to $7.98.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 cents a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Note change in Bell Bros.' advertisement.

—Everybody is talking of going bear hunting now.

—Don't forget the business meeting at the hose house to-night.

—L. K. Hogarth, the druggist, will accept our thanks for a very neat match box.

—Now is a good time to pay your subscription to the MINER for another year.

—William L. Elkins, one of Philadelphia's great financiers and capitalists, is dead.

—Mrs. John B. Eastman entertained a large party of friends at cards Tuesday evening.

—W. O. Hamlin, who is seriously ill at his home on Main street, is slowly improving.

—Three gradpates of Warner's Business College secured positions last week at Bradford.

—Miss Agnes McCoy gave a dinner to a few friends for Miss Helen Forrest on Saturday.

—W. J. Korr has been appointed watch inspector for the P., S. & N. R. R. at Smethport.

—Mrs. Robert Hamilton gave a card party for a number of young ladies Tuesday afternoon.

—Kane citizens are kicking hard against the raise in the price of gas in that hustling town.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard, a pioneer resident of the Bradford valley, is dead. She was aged 94 years.

—Miss May Goelet of New York and the Duke of Roxburghe were married in New York on Tuesday.

—Burglars robbed the store of Crouse & Naylor of Mt. Jewett on Tuesday night of last week. They got little plunder.

—Dr. E. R. Baker, Will Baker and Alex Clarke returned Saturday from a hunting trip in Potter county. They brought home a number of partridges.

—Civil court adjourned yesterday afternoon. There were no cases of general interest tried at this term of court.

—Alex Reed has moved from rooms in the MINER block to the Sartwell house, corner King and Fulton streets.

—There was so little change in the official count of the votes cast that we have decided not to republish the corrected vote this week.

—It is reported that John B. Oviatt and his sons killed two more bears the first of the week. This makes three for that family so far this season.

—The eleventh reunion of the A. A. S. R. bodies was held in the Masonic Temple, Coudersport, last week. A class of 30 received the degrees.

—"Half Lawful Things" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The morning subject is "Prophets and Prophecy."

—The Olean football team was defeated by the Bradford football team on Sunday by a score of 6 to 0. Harry Douglass of this place played fullback for Olean.

—S. C. Andrews, a soldier of the War of the Rebellion, died at his home in Eldred last Thursday evening. He was 61 years old and leaves a wife and two daughters.

—On Saturday Emperor William of Germany underwent an operation for the removal of a polypus from his larynx. The operation was a success and he is improving rapidly.

—Col. M. M. Gillette, who was operated on for appendicitis in Vienna some time ago and has since been operated on in Washington, is slowly improving. Mrs. Gillette is with him.

—Frank Tate and Bull Jackson, two young men of Jamestown, were drowned in Chautauqua lake on Friday last. They went duck hunting that morning and that was the last seen of them alive.

—The trading stamp mania is on the increase in Smethport. On Monday a lady who purchased a ticket for the entertainment at the Lyceum seemed much disappointed when refused trading stamps on her purchase.

—T. J. Butler of Mt. Jewett was in town Monday and settled the claim of Willett S. Palmer in regard to the accident policy he carried in the Travelers' Insurance Co., of which Mr. Butler is agent. The amount paid Mr. Palmer was $1,333.33 for the loss of his left foot.

—The Improved Order of Red Men will give a dance at the Lyceum on Thanksgiving eve, Wednesday, Nov. 25. Chadwick's orchestra has been engaged to furnish music and a good time is assured. Dance tickets $1.00. Supper 25 cents.

—There will be a Mother's meeting at the M. E. chapel at 3 p. m. Wednesday, Nov. 18. Subject to be discussed, "Some of the Duties of Motherhood." Let every mother interested in this subject come and bring a question, as there will be a question box.

—Captain Mitson of the Buffalo branch of the Salvation Army is in town soliciting subscription to assist in paying for their new home in that place. Captain Mitson is a pleasant gentleman and the good work of the Salvation Army merits any donation you can afford to make.

—The dance and supper given by Fidelity Grange, No. 1228, at the hose house last Thursday night was a success in every way. A large crowd participated in the festivities and everybody had a good time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music for the dancing.

—Saturday afternoon a welterweight football aggregation from this place drove to Eldred and met a similar eleven from the Swamp. The result was a victory for the Eldreds by a score of 6 to 0. It was a very interesting game. A return game will be played here in the near future.

—Miss Juliette Hamlin, only daughter of Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and granddaughter of Hon. Byron D. Hamlin, gave a rabbit party to her many girl friends Tuesday evening. During the evening she announced her engagement to Mr. William Lewis Hammer of Mannington, W. Va.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the day will be "A Dangerous Estate," and "Preparation for Confirmation." Bishop Whitehead will be at St. Luke's church on Saturday evening, Nov. 28th, and Sunday morning, Nov. 29th.

—Hiram Beardsley, a pioneer resident and oil producer of the Tuna valley, died at his home on Saturday. He drilled the first oil well in McKean county in 1866. It was in the city of Bradford and the only reason he did not find oil was that he did not drill deep enough. He was 78 years of age.

—A runaway on the South side created considerable excitement Tuesday afternoon. In the rig were Corduroy Jack, Frank Keesler and another member of the Whiteline Consumers' Association. Jack and Frank both had their countenances slightly disfigured, but were not seriously injured. The buggy was badly demolished.

—Mills Kinsley, a well-known athlete and football player of Franklin, died from the effects of injuries received in a boxing match in that place last Friday night. He boxed three rounds with Clarence Doolittle and was declared the winner, but he had bursted a bloodvessel and he died the following morning. Doolittle was arrested.

—The play, "A Run on the Bank," caused considerable excitement in Barnesboro last week. The big posters used in advertising the play attracted the attention of foreigners, who thought a run on the Barnesboro bank was in order. Fortunately the bank was able to meet all demands and to-day is still doing business.—Curwinsville Mountaineer.

—A convention is to be held in Harrisburg on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th insts., to consider the Christian Principles of Civil Government and various public questions in which these principles are involved. This convention follows immediately the State Sabbath Convention, to be held in the same place on the 16th and 17th insts.

—We learn that the new opera house at Port Allegany is being boycotted by union men. When the building was being remodeled for an opera house the management and the carpenter's union disagreed and the work was done by non-union men. Port Allegany is a strong union town and if the boycott is kept up it will have a depressing effect on the earnings of the new playhouse.

—Charles Bougien, a Swede residing at Cole Creek, was struck by a B., R. & P. freight train at Mt. Jewett on Saturday night and instantly killed, his body being cut completely in two at the waist. The remains were terribly mangled, portions of the body being strewn along the tracks for a considerable distance. Bougien was aged 38 years and is not survived by any known relatives in this country.

—Dorothy, the 20-months'-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Young, of this borough, died at the home of her parents on Main street, at 5:30 Friday afternoon, Nov. 6. The little one had been sick but a short time and the cause of her death was acute indigestion. The funeral services were held at the house by Rev. G. H. Patterson Sunday afternoon and the remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Young have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

—A dispatch from Lancaster, Ohio, dated Nov. 8, says: Four children were instantly killed by an explosion of nitro glycerine at Buck's Run, in Hocking county, to-day. The dead: Oscar Bohn, Charles Bohn, aged 12 and 14, their 2-year-old sister and the 9-year old son of Robert Conrad. The children were playing with a can which had contained nitro glycerine, and it is supposed struck it with a stone. The home of the Bohn family was partly wrecked. The bodies of the children were terribly mutilated.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Nellie Shepard is visiting in Port Allegany.

Miss Lulu Robbins of Bradford visited in town Monday.

Hon. and Mrs. T. F. Richmond are in Buffalo this week.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Monday.

F. B. Grantier of Newerf was serving on the jury this week.

Miss Maude Davis of Bradford is visiting Smethport friends.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove was a visitor in town yesterday.

Joseph Campbell of Chicago is visiting friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Attorneys Mullin and Ryan of Kane were in attendance at court this week.

M. D. Hooker of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. Eugene Mullin of Bradford was a guest of Mrs. T. H. Purtle this week.

A. M. Boardman of Bradford was greeting his many friends in town on Monday.

Miss Minnie Davis of Port Allegany was the guest of Smethport friends on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme of Port Allegany were visitors in town this week.

Mrs. James A. McKean and Miss Katheryn Hubbard spent Sunday with relatives at Straight.

Miss Alice Tappan and Miss Johnson of Mt. Jewett were guests of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Mrs. H. E. Bayley and daughter of Portville were guests of Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson on Monday.

Mrs. Peter Algire of Dunkirk was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, over Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Sarah Dickinson of Eldred.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

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ONE NIGHT ONLY

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STETSON'S

Original Big Double Spectacular Production of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

"THE BARNUM OF THEM ALL."

65 PEOPLE 65

Under the management of

Leon W. Washburn.

More Grand Novelties Than Ever
Gorgeous Scenery,
Mechanical Effects,
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Blood Hounds,
Beautiful Chariots and Tableaux Wagons Drawn by Handsome Shetland Ponies,
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Grand Vision and Transformation Scenes,
Eva and Her Golden Chariot,
Watch for the Big Parade—It Beats a Circus.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50c

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MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

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BARGAIN PRICES

The facts are these:—A large rug house sent us on consignment a fine selection of good rugs with instructions to hold a special sale and return unsold pieces to them, if any were left; hence we are selling this lot in a way that means an average saving to you of one quarter from regular prices.

Handsome designs and good qualities characterize the whole assortment.

This is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss.

4 Brussels Rugs	27x54 in.	worth $1.75.	Special each	$1.25
6 Velvet	27x54 "	2.00	" "	1.50
6 Smyrna	26x60 "	2.00	" "	1.50
6 "	30x65 "	2.25	" "	1.75
3 "	36x76 "	3.25	" "	2.50
2 "	4x7 ft.	6.00	" "	4.50
5 Axminster Rugs	18x36 in	worth $1.35.	Special each	1.15
18 Axminster & Moquet Rugs	27x63 in	worth $2.75.	Special each	2.25
7 "	" 36x72	" 4.50	" "	3.50

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YOU'LL HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE

That there is an advantage and satisfaction in getting your

Horse Blankets

from the largest and most complete stock to select from.

Ours are from the celebrated Northern Ohio Blanket Mills and we buy them direct, thereby giving our customers the advantage of a large stock to select from at the very lowest prices.

STREET BLANKETS, all wool, large, square, fancy, guaranteed fast colors.

STABLE BLANKETS, extra heavy duck in different colors or burlap, full half or quarter lined, bound neck and breast, with 2 heavy wide surcingles, the kind that stay on.

Patent waterproof rain covers.

Montana buffalo, plush and wool robes.

Trading Stamps.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

A CARD.

We are now buying our fall goods preparing for Christmas. We will show you as fine a line of foreign and domestic goods as can be found in any city. Watch this space for later announcements.

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ART JEWELER,
7 MAIN ST. BRADFORD.

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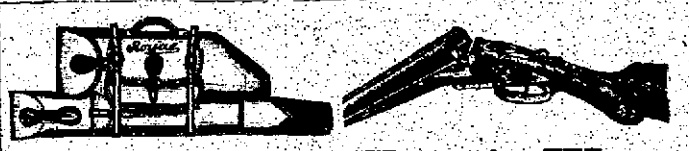
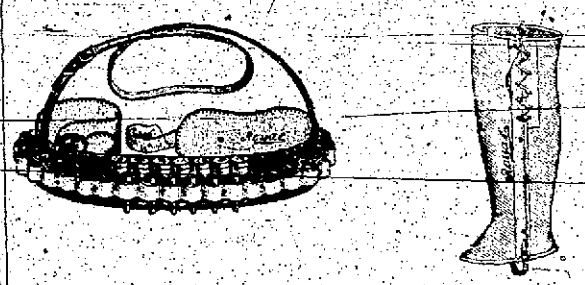
For Guns and Sporting Goods.



If a Hunter Uses it We Have it.



J. C. HAMLIN

MUSTERED OUT

By JAMES NORFLEET.

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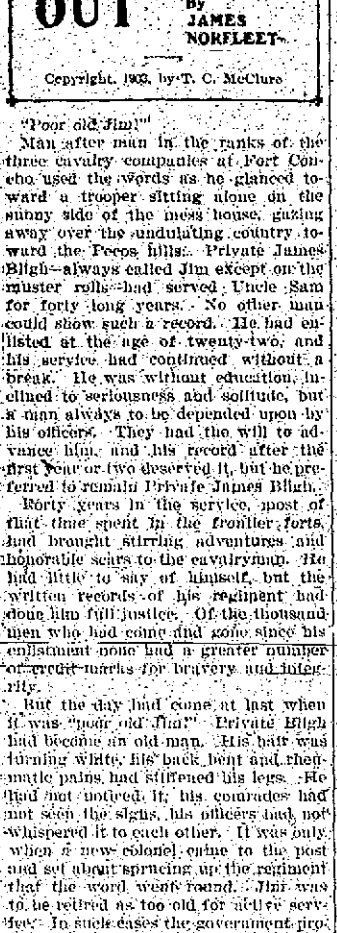
"Poor old Jim!"

Man after man in the ranks of the three cavalry companies at Fort Concho used the words as he glanced toward a trooper sitting alone on the sunny side of the mess house, gazing away over the undulating country toward the Pecos hills. Private James Bligh—always called Jim except on the muster rolls—had served Uncle Sam for forty long years. No other man could show such a record. He had enlisted at the age of twenty-two, and his service had continued without a break. He was without education, inclined to seriousness and solitude, but a man always to be depended upon by his officers. They had the will to advance him, and his record after the first year or two deserved it, but he preferred to remain Private James Bligh.

Forty years in the service, most of that time spent in the frontier forts, had brought stirring adventures and honorable scars to the cavalryman. He had little to say of himself, but the written records of his regiment had done him full justice. Of the thousand men who had come and gone since his enlistment none had a greater number of credit marks for bravery and integrity.

But the day had come at last when it was "poor old Jim." Private Bligh had become an old man. His hair was turning white, his back bent and the-matic pains had stiffened his legs. He had not noticed it, his comrades had not seen the signs, his officers had not whispered it to each other. It was only when a new colonel came to the post and set about sprucing up the regiment that the word went round. Jim was to be retired as too old for active service. In such cases the government provides a monthly stipend—about enough



THE UTES WERE DRAWN UP ACROSS THE STAGE ROAD.

to pay for one's bread and butter—but it was felt by all the men that it was like turning a faithful old horse out to become the victim of wolves. There was an examining board, with a report from the regimental surgeon, and it was settled that Jim should be mustered out of service. They tried to let him down easy by referring to his honorable record and issuing an order to be read on parade, but they simply broke the old man's heart.

"It may be that I have become an old man," he said to Sergeant *Dalton* as the latter tried to cheer him up, "but I hadn't realized it. No one has seen me shirk my duties on account of my years. I haven't attended sick call in two years. When we were out after the Utes last fall didn't I take the hardships with the best of them?"

"Aye, comrade, you did. If you did not know your age to a day I'd deny that you was over forty."

"It's no use, sergeant. I'm sixty-two right enough, and it's time I was turned adrift. I did think to die in the service, but they won't let me."

The papers had gone to Washington for final action, and while Private Bligh waited for his discharge he was excused from duty. It thus came about that he rode over toward the Pecos hills one day by himself in search of mineral specimens for the regimental museum. There was peace in the land—peace to be broken by the Indians at a moment's notice—and he went armed. An hour after his departure the colonel's daughter, escorted by Lieutenant Graham, took the same route for a morning gallop. They rode straight away for ten miles, and they passed the soldier without seeing him, although he saw them as he prospected among the rocks. He had secured half a dozen specimens when he gave up the work and sat down in the sunshine with his chin in his hands to ponder. The bitterness could not pass from his heart. Old men were useless in the army, especially on the frontier, but to be forced out after forty years of service seemed rank injustice. Why hadn't they waited a bit longer? The restless, treacherous Utes would revolt again in a little while, and his command would be called out as a dozen times before. That would give him a chance to die a soldier's death—a last chance. In view of his record they shouldn't have begrudged him that. To be mustered out after forty years of continuous service seemed to him an inglorious thing—to smack almost of disgrace.

An hour passed away as Private Bligh sat thinking, and of a sudden he was aroused from his reverie by the reports of rifles and whoops of exultation from the north. No need for him to stand and listen. The shots and yells came from the Utes, and they would not be shooting and yelling unless on the war path. The lieutenant and the colonel's daughter had ridden to the north and perhaps into an ambush. Fifteen seconds after the first sounds reached his ears Private Jim was in the saddle, and as he rode he unslung his carbine and loosened his revolver in its holster. There came into his eyes the gleam of battle, into his soul a thirst to do or die. His colonel had not given him a chance, but was it to come to him some other way?

There was a hot gallop for a mile, and then Private Jim found the officer and the girl crouched behind a mass of rock and a war party of fifty Utes preparing to rush them. Both horses had been shot down and the officer wounded in the first volley, and the trooper had only come up when the lieutenant was hit again and fell in a heap.

"Up with you, girl!" shouted Private Jim as he knelt toward the white faced girl who huddled against the rocks. "The lieutenant is dead, and it's one chance in a thousand that we get out of this. Give me your hand."

He lifted her up and swung her on to the saddle in front of him, and the bullets were cutting the air all about them as they dashed away. In two minutes they were out of range, but another peril confronted them. A dozen Utes had mounted and taken a short cut, and Private Jim looked ahead to find them drawn up across the stage road running between high banks.

"Missy, listen to me," he said to the girl he held in his arms. "I'm an old man. I'm to be mustered out because I'm no good any more. I'm going to charge those redskins full tilt. We may die together. If they kill you and I am spared, I shall carry your dead body home. If they kill me and you are spared, hang to the saddle, and the horse will take you safe in. Just shut your eyes and hang on. We are right upon them now. Whoop, hurrah!"

The Indian ponies were massed, and the Indians were firing at the horse thundering down, but their bullets missed, and he struck the lighter horses to whirl them around or send them rolling. It was a smash, crash, yell, whoop, and horse and rider were through. A volley followed them as they continued their flight, and Private Jim reeled in the saddle and groaned.

A minute later he said:

"Missy, listen again. I've got my death wound. I'm mustered out of service, and it's the way I hoped and prayed for. I've lived like a soldier, and I wanted to die like one. I'll be out of the saddle in a minute more, but you hang tight, and you'll be taken safe in. Remember—remember to hang tight, and I had got too old for the service, and I'm mustered out—mustered out"—

And the men who rode out and found the body with the two bullet holes in the back and a grim smile on the face with its wrinkles of age removed their hats and whispered to each other:

"Poor Jim! Poor old Jim!"

Bidding In a Bride.

While some furniture was being sold at auction at Orkellyunga, in Sweden, a curious incident occurred. A young girl pushed her way through the crowd until she was quite close to the auctioneer—so close, indeed, that she somewhat impeded him when he desired to make effective gestures. Being a man of humor, he resolved to get rid of her in a novel manner, and therefore, taking her by the arm, he shouted: "Here now is an excellent bargain! A young girl, aged nineteen, very pretty and well educated! What am I offered? Come, we'll start it at 3,000 crowns!" At once there was brisk bidding, which continued until an elderly bachelor *farmer offered* 10,000 crowns. The auctioneer tried to get a higher bidder than this, but failed, and so he declared the farmer to be the purchaser of the girl. All those present thought that it was a good joke, but it was more than that, for a few days later the farmer and the girl were married in the presence of the mayor, and before the ceremony the farmer presented the young woman, an orphan, with 10,000 crowns, the exact amount which he was willing to pay for her at auction.

Why We Laugh.

Laughter seems to be a specialized form of either the scream of a startled or injured animal or the cry of triumph common to many beasts of prey. In children the cry of terror and the shout of laughter often shade into each other, and the young child escaping from pursuit will scream with laughter or fear, according to his chances of escape.

Some unexpected event that causes slight alarm short of actual terror is the commonest cause of children's laughter, but in adults some sudden event that gives a sensation of triumph over others has much more influence. Really clever jokes seldom cause laughter, and it has been pointed out that a man chasing his hat will produce laughter far more hearty in character than the best efforts of the cleverest wit. The sight of ill fortune in another causes by contrast a feeling of triumph in ourselves.

The ticklish parts of the body are for the most part the sites of important blood vessels, and the laughter produced in children by "tickling" is even more closely allied to the cry of pain.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for IN $1.50 ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for a by case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles; Blotches, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. E. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

BATHING AT OSTEND.

The Contrast Between Belgian and American Beach Customs.

How differently from ourselves Europeans do some things is shown by the marked contrast between the bathing customs and methods at the typical American beach and those at a leading seaside resort abroad, such, for instance, at Ostend, Belgium. The American way is too familiar to our readers to need description. At Ostend bathing, which is the most striking thing about the city, is carried on in accordance with continental ideas of propriety most shocking to the average American. Instead of the ordinary dressing rooms, Ostend was the first place to use the little individual houses on wheels, into which the intending bather goes to disrobe and don his or her bathing suit. The house is then wheeled out in the water by a horse driven by a man employed for that purpose. The steps are let down from the little house, and the bather enters the water without having to promenade over the sand. At the end of the bath the bather mounts the steps into his little house and, calling the driver again, has his dressing room hauled up high and dry on the shore, where, having dressed at his leisure, he leaves the key with an attendant and goes on his way. The bathing costumes seen at Ostend are noted for their scantiness, the striking peculiarity of which, however, lies in the fact that the suits worn by the women rarely, if ever, have any skirts attached to them, everybody—men, women and children alike—wearing tight fitting suits, the suits furnished by most of the public bath houses being identically the same for both men and women.

The scene on the beach is one of great animation, and when the bathers engage, as they frequently do, in a game resembling basket ball, played with a large inflated rubber ball, the mingling of variegated bathing suits and the darting hither and thither of the bathers at play, now on the beach and again in the water, is a sight never to be forgotten.—Leslie's Weekly.

ENGINE TRANCE.

A Sort of Temporary Paralysis That Sometimes Affects Track Men.

"The numerous fatal accidents reported in the newspapers to rail layers that occur every year on the various railroad systems throughout the country are not in every case due, as is generally supposed by the public, to negligence or carelessness on the part of the workers themselves," said a New York physician and surgeon employed by the New York Central railroad.

"The fact is, the hearing of these men in time becomes affected owing to the constant stooping position which they are obliged to assume in laying the rails, putting the bolts in, etc., and that renders them often oblivious to approaching trains, notwithstanding the fact that they work in gangs and have lookout men near at hand. Another fact which is accountable in many instances for fatal accidents to rail layers is what is known among the men themselves as 'engine trance.' This I might describe more clearly as a temporary sort of paralysis which affects simultaneously both the mind and body. The stroke lasts only a few seconds, but those few seconds mean life or death when a fast train is approaching.

"A rail layer who may be in perfect physical condition is not proof against the powerful fascination as he gazes along the rails and sees an engine with its row of cars coming toward him at express speed. Although he has been warned by the lookout and the shouts of his fellows of the approaching danger, he will pay no heed, but stand spellbound for an instant. And that instant's delay is generally fatal, or, if not, it results in the amputation of a leg.

"There are few rail layers who have not, they will tell you, experienced this peculiar trance at one time or another during their careers on the track. Animals are also subject to 'engine trance,' particularly dogs and cats, and that no doubt accounts to some extent for the large number of them as well as other animals that are killed on the railroad."—New York Times.

Home Influence.

It was during the reading lesson in one of our public schools that a little lad read in a jerky, expressionless way, "Mamma, see the hawk!"

The reading was so very poor that the teacher said, "John, you know you would not talk that way to your mother."

"No'm," replied the lad.

"Well, now," said the teacher in a kindly way, "you read it exactly as you would say it to your mother."

And here is his reply: "Look, mom, at that there hawk!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sailors Are Fond of Sweet Things.

Sailors are very fond of sweet things, and to one who knows little about them it is surprising to learn the quantity of candy they consume. In the ship's store are kept buckets of this article, which is one of the chief commodities in exchange for which a sailor parts with his pocket money. On large ships several thousand pounds of candy are frequently consumed on a cruise.—Gunton's Magazine.

Quite Up to Date.

Day—I find there is a $2,500 mortgage on the property you sold me. You never said anything about it.

Gay—Certainly I did. Didn't I distinctly tell you it had all modern improvements?—New Yorker.

The bashi-bazouk shaves his head except a tuft at the crown, which is to be used by the angel to jerk him to paradise if he should be slain by his intended victim.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

Sounds Both Shrill and Low That We Cannot Hear.

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound registering machine—the phonautograph—will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a low purr, which it uses a good deal while at work underground, and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed; but, though it shouted and purred in your ear, you wouldn't hear it. The sound register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quality of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death's head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing and one that can hear a sound that is over 100 degrees beyond your own limit is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a lobworm moving underground, locate him by the noise and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and, being a disreputable person, with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught.—London Answers.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

Plato died in his eighty-third year, and his last hour was devoted to intellectual work.

Isocrates was ninety-four years old when he wrote his famous work, "Panathenaikus."

Terentius Varro lived to be nearly a hundred, and he continued to write up to the day of his death.

Hiero, king of Sicily, lived to be ninety, and Masinissa lived to be still older and ruled for sixty years.

Quintus Fabius was appointed augur when he was past middle age, and he held the office for sixty-two years.

Cato Censorius transacted business until he was nearly ninety and retained to the end all his old-time vigor.

Gorgias Leontium, the teacher of Isocrates and other distinguished men, was in excellent health at the age of 107 years.

Chrysippus began to write his work on logic in his eightieth year. Cleanthes taught his pupils up to his ninety-ninth year.

Sophocles lived to be nearly a hundred, and during his last days he wrote the "Œdipus Coloneus," one of the greatest tragedies ever written.

Argenthonius began to rule when he was forty years old and held power for eighty years, and in the third book of the "History" Asinius Pollio tells us that he did not die until he was past his one hundred and thirtieth year.

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends. They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine.

Curious Mode of Catching Turtles.

A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish known as the remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and the sucker.

Economical in Theory.

Hill—I suppose my wife is the most economical woman that ever stepped.

Dale—So?

Hill—Yes; she never spends money for anything that she does not say she will save it in something else.

Dale—And does she?

Hill—Well, you see, we never have got so far as that yet. But it is the principle I was talking about.—Boston Transcript.

At the Dinner Party.

"Surely you are not going yet, Mr. Parvy Noo?"

"I must, ma'am."

"But won't you stay for the feast of reason and the flow of soul?"

"Thanky, ma'am, but I reckon I've already et an' drunk all that's good for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
Only good, reliable companies

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Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broudcr.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary, G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, R. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. E. Speck, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—C. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —nkins.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.
E. R. MAYO, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 782, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. O. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 19, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. MILLES L. BIEVER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Pierrepont, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:23 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 p. m., New York 7:30 p. m., Baltimore 3:20 p. m., Washington 4:45 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:20 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8:25 p. m., New York 11:30 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington 8:30 p. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:55 a. m., week days, (1:35 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9:35	Ridgway	7:25
9:50	Johnsonburg	7:10
10:17	Glen Hazel	6:43
10:36	Straight	6:27
10:39	Instanter	6:20
10:56	Smith's Run	6:03
10:54	Woodvale	6:02
A. M.	Clermont	P. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:00 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:19 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday, for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:35 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 6 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

3:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Driftwood, Hammond, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport;

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 24, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
1:00	8:10	lv	Mt. Jewett	ar 8:05	12:10	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:38	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:23	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:36	11:45	4:57
5:18	1:30	8:37	Mayerdale	7:29	11:38	4:51
5:21	1:33	8:40	Keason	7:26	11:34	4:49
5:26	2:07	8:47	Comes	7:18	11:27	4:08
5:31	2:23	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				a.m.		
5:44	1:39	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:10	3:35
5:46	2:37	9:36	Stella	7:09	11:08	3:21
6:0	2:34	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:06	11:07	3:20
6:14	2:45	9:34	Ceryerville	7:00	11:01	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. A.M.	Eastward A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar	Dp	Lv Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.18
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter		0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'dd June		7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.35	6.10	1.12	Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	5.50	1.05	N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	5.40	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.33	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.27	1.52
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.38	2.07
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y., C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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The Man Who Would Not Believe

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hooke.

"THE trouble with Sam Abbott," said Hillyard, "is that he doesn't know anything. I'm not saying that to be hard upon him, but because it is true. He has had a college education, and he has read a great many books, but his life has been so monotonous and so narrow and his observation so deficient that he has never seen anything out of the ordinary. And he absolutely lacks credulity. If he had a little it would help him. His magazine needs it badly."

"I should think he must be a queer sort of man for an editor," said Miss Leigh.

Hillyard, who had lived by his pen for ten years and had fought his way up to the level of a creditable success, was, unable to agree fully with the young lady's remark.

"Not so queer as he ought to be," said he. "You've no idea how hard it is to make the average editor believe the truth about his fellow creatures. The modern craze for monolithic fiction has been a great relief to some of them. It has freed them from the duty of considering probability in a large part of their magazines. Anything may have happened in the time of Charlemagne or of the king of a realm that never existed. But mark the story that is located near home."

"However," he continued, "in regard to this particular story which Abbott has rejected on account of the improbability of the leading incident, the sole criticism would have been that the matter of a confusing resemblance between twins is so common and obvious an affair of earthly life that it has been overworked in fiction. Yet in the development was entirely novel and the climax quite unexpected."

He paused in the attitude of one who listens.

"Well, upon my word," he said in a low tone. "Was he invited to call?"

"Who?"

"Abbott. He's in the hall. That's his voice. Now, Millie, treat him well. He's come to make an apology about that story. Receive it precisely in the spirit in which it is made. Do you understand?"

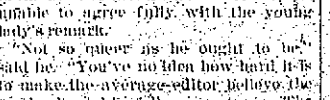
The girl rose to her feet and was about to speak, but Hillyard shook a warning finger at her as he stepped to the door.

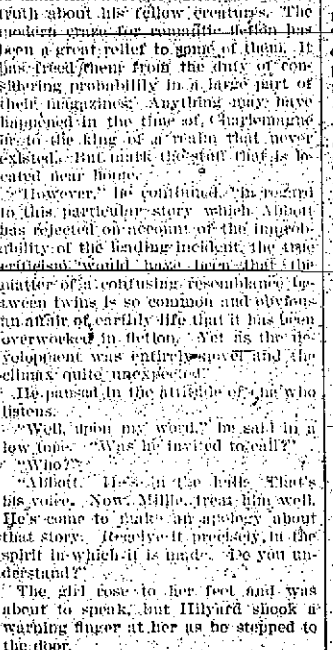
"Why, Abbott!" he cried. "How do you do?"

The editor was a slender young man, very carefully dressed and precise in his speech and his ways. He had delicate features and a high, narrow forehead. His light hair was worn quite long, but it was very smoothly brushed away from a parting accurately drawn along the middle of his head, and all its superfluity appeared behind his ears.

"Miss Leigh heard your voice," said Hillyard. "She will be glad to see you. It may be somewhat informal for me to announce that fact and to lead you into her presence, but Mrs. Wilson's boarding house lies just within the boundary of Bohemia."

Abbott adjusted his eyeglasses and looked with mild dismay at Hilyard.





HILYARD SHOOK A WARNING FINGER.

He considered himself to be upon bad terms with the author on account of various small matters which Hilyard had forgotten, if indeed he had ever known that they had happened.

It was a bold deed, in Abbott's way of thinking, this call upon Miss Leigh. Really he had not been invited. It was a bit of romantic presumption; distinctly an adventure. He had never done anything quite so rash before, but there he had never met a girl capable of inspiring him.

"Miss Leigh, you will remember Mr. Abbott," Hilyard was saying.

The young lady came forward with some small hesitation.

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure," said Abbott, taking her hand. "I really have no reasonable excuse for hunting you up, but since you honored me with that visit the other day in my dingy sanctum, shedding a brief light upon my dreary toil—er—so to speak"—

"How strange it is," said the girl, "that literary people always speak of their work as if it were terribly distressing! Really, it must require a strong sense of duty to keep them at it."

"Do you not find it so yourself?" Abbott asked.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl. "You don't suppose that I regard myself as a literary person?"

"I surely think that you have the right," responded Abbott. "And that brings me to my only excuse for this intrusion. I have been thinking of your story, and I have been quite dissatisfied with what I said about it the other day. Upon more mature reflection I have become convinced that, with a few trifling alterations, it will be acceptable for the magazine."

"Please don't let's talk about it," protested the girl. "We have talked of it so much here that"—

"Surely you have not lost confidence!" exclaimed Abbott. "But of course that is natural. The way of every artistic calling lies largely through the valley of the shadow. As to this particular bit of work, however, I assure you that it is very creditable, and you will do yourself a wrong if you permit discouragement to destroy your faith."

Miss Leigh laughed nervously and glanced at Hillyard.

"Nothing my faith nor my discouragement is of much importance," she said. "And my opinion about the story is, of course, worth nothing at all in such a presence as this. But Mr. Hillyard has read it."

"Indeed!" said Abbott, squinting through his glasses at the author. "His criticism should be of value. Mr. Hillyard has written a great many stories, and some of them have been really excellent. We have printed one now and then."

"When I've been at a club sing of a bachelor dinner," said Hillyard, "and woke up the next morning with that sad view of the dreariness and emptiness of life which comes to a fellow at such times I always sit down and write a story for your magazine."—

"There is one fault to the eccentricities of genius," said Miss Leigh.

"Undoubtedly," said Hillyard. "But really, Abbott, I think you've made a mistake about 'In the Light of the Moon.' It is a very clever story."

Abbott put the ends of his fingers carefully together and gazed thoughtfully down at them. Then he looked up.

"I have been giving the subject a studious attention," he said, "and the result is that I have become convinced that the matter of the resemblance between the two sisters may be entirely eliminated without detriment to the story; indeed, with positive benefit."

"I thought that the whole plot turned on it," said Miss Leigh timidly.

Abbott assumed the air of a gentle and patient schoolmaster.

"It is true," he said, "that a certain number of the incidents must be modified, perhaps even excised, but the plot is quite a secondary matter in such a delightful bit of writing. There will be enough action, I assure you, and we shall be rid of the jarring improbability involved in your hero's mistaking one of the sisters for the other. It is distinctly humorous, of course. I smiled repeatedly while reading it. And yet the fact remains that in real life we never find a similar state of affairs."

"My dear Mr. Abbott," said Hillyard, "in a house where I boarded for two years there were twin brothers upward of forty years old who from their infancy had resembled each other so closely that only their nearest intimates pretended to be able to distinguish one from the other. They were called Uncle Billy and Uncle Willie in that house, though neither of them was really named William. Night after night I saw them sitting side by side at the dinner table, but I never knew which was which, for the one who came to the table first always took the chair upon the right, though I should never have known it if the landlady hadn't told me. They dressed precisely alike, they were growing gray in exactly the same degree and bald in precisely similar areas, and it was said that not even their dentist knew Uncle Billy from Uncle Willie."

"Oh, I say, Hilyard!" exclaimed Abbott. "You are so terribly—er—imaginative!"

"I am telling you the frozen truth," responded Hilyard. "Moreover, these brothers excited my interest in the subject to such an extent that I investigated several cases of resemblance which they themselves happened to know of, and I found among other curiosities three sisters who were as much alike as three impressions from the same page of type, and an uncle and nephew who were not only the precise images of each other, but wrote exactly the same hand. This is a very trivial matter, Brother Abbott, but it contains a lesson for you. There are more things in this world that you won't believe than would fill your magazine with good stuff for a hundred years. Go outside your office and find some of them."

"I'm afraid that I lack your enthusiasm," said Abbott. "You go out and see what you wish to see, while I see only what is real and tangible. But about this story, Miss Leigh"—

"If you say another word about it," cried the girl, "I shall go into hysterics. And you wouldn't like that; I know you wouldn't. Hysterics are so dreadfully realistic."

"You are making fun of me," replied Abbott. And yet he couldn't help perceiving that Miss Leigh was laboring under considerable excitement.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I am as serious as I can be. It is only with the greatest difficulty that I can bring myself to speak of that story at all."

Abbott was sincerely affected and not a little flattered in the more selfish regions of his soul.

"It is a great grief to me," he said, "that I should have done anything to discourage you."

He paused and glanced toward Hilyard, who had strolled to the piano and was turning over a pile of sheet music.

"I wish that I might help you," Abbott continued the same tone. "If I have thought about you really, I would not dare to tell you how much the interest of the artist and of the friend also, if I may be so bold as to say so. I am sure that you have a great future under the proper influences, and, confidentially, I must tell you that Mr. Hilyard's influence does not fall within that definition. If it were permissible, I would venture to say that I am sorry that you know him. He is an apostle of strenuous literature; his stories are feverish; he seems determined to hunt up something that nobody else ever heard of. You must not be like him in any way. It will wreck your literary future."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the girl, with an intensity that really suggested hysterical laughter. "I have no literary future, nor present nor past. I can't write worth a cent. I've tried, and I can't do it."

"It isn't possible," said he, looking grieved upon one side of his face and pleased upon the other, "that my criticism has seemed so harsh as to discourage you. I am deeply sorry, and I trust that you will let me make amends."

"It's no use," she protested. "It really isn't any use at all. Let us talk about something else. Don't you think that Mr. Hilyard plays beautifully?"

Abbott glanced at Hilyard, who had begun to play softly upon the piano. It was true that he played very well, with a surprising quality of tenderness, and the editor's taste was sufficiently cultivated to recognize the merit of the performance. But just at that moment his soul did not thirst for Mr. Hilyard's music. It thirsted for that gentleman's absence. Why didn't he go? It was bad form for him to remain, yet he showed no intention of leaving and even hurt the air of waiting with some specific end in view. However, if the fellow must stay, it was at least kind of him to make a noise with the piano.

"My dear Miss Leigh," said Abbott, "I am sure that you are making a great error. I have not failed to recognize the merit of your work. I merely drew attention to a crudity. We are all liable to such mistakes at first. But one impossible detail in your very first literary at-

"WHY, MR. ABBOTT!"

tempt is a mere trifle. If you would only accept my help, I am sure there might be a future for you in fiction. Can't we form a sort of friendly partnership—call it master and pupil, if you will—but"—

"You would have the dullest pupil that ever lived," she cried. "And as for the story"—

"If I had never seen you," said he, "your story would seem less improbable."

She did not understand what he meant and frankly told him so. Abbott was frightened. He had not tact enough to evade an explanation, and he was afraid to make one. This pretty game of hearts was new to him, and it made him nervous, yet he felt incapable of stopping. As a beginner with the bicycle when he sees that his inexperience has brought him into peril is seized with a frantic impulse to pedal faster and faster, so Abbott plunged straight ahead, though absurd disaster loomed plainly in his path.

"Having seen your face," said he, "I could never believe in the adventure of the hero of your story. Do you fancy that by sunlight or moonlight I could fail to recognize"—

"Really, Mr. Abbott, don't you think that our friendly partnership is getting along almost too well?" she asked. "Of course I perceive that you are speaking merely by way of illustration, but if Mr. Hilyard should hear you or my sister there might be some slight misunderstanding."

"Your sister?" echoed Abbott.

"Yes," said Miss Leigh. "She has just come in. I hear her in the hall. Mr. Hilyard and I have been waiting for her."

At this moment a young lady appeared in the doorway.

"Why—Mr. Abbott!" she exclaimed. "You can't have received my note already?"

Abbott had arisen and was standing with one hand upon the back of his chair for support and the other pressed against his forehead.

"Your note?" he repeated mechanically.

"I mailed it this afternoon," said the girl, advancing into the room, "but I didn't suppose that you would get it before tomorrow. However, I am just as glad to see you, though my amiable plan for your amusement has been spoiled."

"No, it hasn't—begging your pardon, Kate," said Hilyard. "It has worked to a charm."

"You don't mean to say"—

"Yes, I do," said Hilyard. "He has been talking to Millie for an hour under the impression that she was you."

"I—I—really, this is very remarkable," stammered Abbott. "I wonder that you didn't mention it to me!"

"That I had a twin sister? I came very near it that day in your office, and then—well, I'll confess that I didn't like it because you seemed to think that I was—er—exaggerating when I said that I knew two sisters who were as much alike as the two in my story. So I resolved to play a trick upon you. Mr. Hilyard and Millie and I arranged a plan by which you were to meet her in such a way that you might easily be deceived by the resemblance between us. You'll forgive me, won't you, the more especially because I really didn't do it?"

Abbott was beyond words. His mind held nothing but a fierce, unreasoning wrath against Hilyard, whose intuition revealed that condition to him perfectly.

"You're right, Abbott," he said. "I did it. Slay me, and you will be properly avenged. When I heard you in the hall I said to Miss Millie Leigh, with whom I had the great happiness to be conversing at the time: 'He has come to talk about the story, to apologize. Receive what he says in such style as you think it is fitting,' meaning, of course, that she should receive it as if it were addressed to her sister. And she played the part to a nicety. Wasn't it fun?"

"Rare sport," said Abbott. "A very clever game. And as I seem to be the loser I must pay the forfeit—that is, print the story. If you will be so good as to let me have it once more, Miss Leigh, I will publish it word for word, letter for letter. And then—er—the less said about all this the better. Don't you think so?"

PROPER BREATHING.

INHALE THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, AND NOT THE MOUTH.

Normal Breathing Will Help Materially to Induce Perfect Development—Without Normal Breathing Such Development Is Impossible.

That nature intended man for all climates is unquestioned, but if man live other than nature intended he should he must be content with dire consequences so far as health is concerned. And why is it that certain individuals enjoy better health in certain climates than in others?

To my mind, the reason in a majority of cases is that they are mouth breathers and bear better the mild than the severe climate.

Who are afflicted with chronic sore throat and chest affections? The mouth breather, always, and we will never stamp out such conditions as pulmonary tuberculosis, together with numerous other affections of the respiratory tract, until we, the human family, have learned to take every inspiration through the nose.

I have taken the liberty to divide mouth breathers into two classes, confirmed and moderate. The first breathes almost continually with open mouth. The second is not conscious that he breathes other than through the normal channels and will not admit that he does otherwise until you convince him such is the case. It is my custom to engage the doubting one in conversation or have him read for me, when he will be surprised to learn that he has spoken several sentences or read many paragraphs without once closing his mouth. He it is who, after lecturing or reading aloud or perhaps singing, is dry as to mouth and husky of speech and wonders why.

Treatment: Restore the nose to as nearly a normal condition physiologically speaking, as possible, and then insist upon your patient using it. So long as the spray, douche and solution treatment generally are patronized just so long will we fail to get good results, for, as Dr. Leland remarks, the nose wants air and not water.

Douching and spraying are contrary to nature and should never be practiced.

When the patient is a mouth breather or through habit, and this may be determined by having him breathe first through one nostril and then through the other, it is my custom to order him to breathe forcibly through his nostrils at the rate of one respiration per second for ten seconds, this to constitute one exercise, to be repeated often, perhaps eight or ten times during the day. He will find that this more than compensates for his spray, for having used the spray in the morning he is "filled up," as he expresses it, long before noon. His nose he can exercise at will and thus keep it free. The exercise I prescribe for all patients during the process of repair following operations, to be continued until they are confirmed nasal breathers. A mouth guard should be worn at night for a few weeks.

If we are going to cure nasal catarrh and other respiratory difficulties, the respiratory tract being freed of all obstructions and irritable areas, the patient must be taught to breathe normally.

Irritable areas are not always detected by the probe; therefore we cannot depend upon that method, but must note that these patches have a characteristic appearance. They are found not only in the nose, but oftentimes in the nasopharynx and pharynx as well and are of a pale, waterlogged appearance. They may be obliterated surgically or by cauterization, and if the nose thereafter is properly used like areas do not return. This may be said for all hypertrophic removals. To bring about a permanent patency of the eustachian tube the individual must become a nasal breather. Therefore it is absolutely essential to overcome or permanently improve most varieties of deafness and tinnitus aurium that the patient breathe through the nose at all times. The eustachian catheter is often harmful, acting as a mechanical irritant and thus assisting the progress of an already thickened and perhaps irritable membrane.

The dilatation of the cheeks of the patient and the inflation perhaps for the first few treatments of air medicated and thereafter with air in its purity, or Professor Politzer's method, the patient being careful between times to continue his breathing exercise, are vastly superior to other forms of inflation. Air is what the thickened eustachian orifice needs to return it to a normal state, and this applies to the thickened of collapsed eustachian tube and middle ear as well, also the accessory nasal cavities.

The oxygen treatment is familiar, but why use oxygen artificially when air breathed normally will supply it?

Your patient can go to a milder climate and breathe with open mouth and be benefited, but would it not be far better for him to remain at home, breathe through his nose and fully recover?

Commence with the babe. Make it a special point that it breathe through the nose. If it cannot know the reason why. Certainly if the Indian mother recognized the necessity and insisted that her babe breathe properly the civilized mother of today should. Follow it from babyhood to childhood. Impress the necessity upon it as a child, and, barring accident, it will never breathe otherwise. If it is found following an accident from a fall or blow that the nose is not free have the fault corrected. Normal breathing will help materially to bring about perfect development, and without normal breathing such development cannot be attained.—Medical Record.

LANGUAGE OF THE HAND.

Scarcely a Sentiment It Is Not Capable of Expressing.

When a lover ventures for the first time to grasp the hand of his charmer she either withdraws it, and that is as much as to say, "I have no heart for you," or she suffers it, which is the same as if she said, "He whom I permit to touch my hand may hope also to touch my heart." In lovers' quarrels, indeed, the hand is withdrawn to express anger, but soon extended again in token of reconciliation. Who can tell all that is said by the hand which another is conveying to the lips to have a kiss imprinted upon it? This is done either slowly or hastily, either with trembling or boldly, and expresses civility or respect, gratitude or love. Two hands are folded together—their owner prays; the folded hands are raised—he solicits something; they are rubbed one against the other—he is impatient. The raised finger threatens; when bent it beckons; when extended it points. Two fingers produce the snap, a sign of contempt or defiance. The hand gives, the hand receives. Both speak blood.

The hand likewise answers by a repulsive motion. A finger placed upon the lips inculcates discretion. The ancients represented the god of silence in this attitude. How they have represented Venus everybody knows. The hand of the goddess says, "I am bashful." The Graces take each other by the hand, as much as to say, "We ought to be indivisible." Two hands firmly grasping each other are the symbol of fidelity. The clinched fist bespeaks rage and revenge, the hollowed hand implores alms, the hand laid upon the heart protests, the hand upon the forehead thinks, and the hand behind the ear expresses difficulty.

In a word, there is scarcely a sentiment which the hand is not capable of expressing, and it not only completely supplies the place of the mouth in speaking, but also, rather imperfectly, in kissing, for when the lips cannot approach the beloved object the hand throws kisses.—Mme. de Her, New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BIRDS SING ON THE WING.

Their Notes Are More Charming When Warbled During Flight.

The songs of all birds gain greatly when they are uttered on the wing. They seem to be delivered with more abandon and greater volume. The Wilson's thrush's first cousin, the oven bird, furnishes a striking example of this. His ordinary song consists of a repetition of the same note hammered out with a constant crescendo.

Very effective it is, too, as a part of the general music of the forest, though lacking individual attractiveness on account of the monotony of its iteration. But when the bird rises above the treetops and descends after the fashion of the indigo bird to an accompaniment of scattered notes he takes far higher rank as a performer.

Not always, however, does he require the exhilaration and inspiration of an aerial toboggan to cause him to abandon his plain chant for a more florid song. I have heard him sing the latter perched on a grapevine not two feet above the ground. And as if to show that he did not reserve his superior powers for special occasions he mingled it with his plain chant and ending with the song and sometimes reversing this order.

I love to see the oven bird on the ground. There is such a ludicrous assumption of dignity on his part as he strides about the stage, never for a moment forgetting himself so far as to hop. There is the same even, measured steadiness about his movements that there is in his chant. It is only when he launches himself into the effervescing song that he forgets his staid demeanor.—Lippincott's.

The Face of an Engine.

A writer in the London Saturday Review comments upon the fact that a railway engine has a face and that the face has an expression. "Look at an engine," says the writer, "and you can see that one looks noble—simply noble in its strength; another gigantic in force, but not noble—an expression of mere brute strength. Some engines have a lofty, almost supercilious, expression; others almost foolish. Some have an air of smug stoutness. Then there are engines that distinctly look angry and others comparatively gentle. What is the key to this physiognomy? Where is the seat of expression? On the whole, it seems to be the funnel."

The Wisdom of Fools.

Folly, in the abstract, has been denounced alike by Scripture and ancient heathen sages. "If I wish to look at a fool," says Seneca, "I have not far to look. I have only to look in a mirror." The Emperor Maximilian distinguished the dullest of his counselors by the title of the king of fools. Once when he addressed a prosy adviser by this title the gentleman neatly enough replied: "I wish with all my heart I were king of fools. I should have a glorious kingdom and your imperial majesty would be among my subjects."

Could Keep a Secret.

Smith—May I make a confidant of you?

Jones—Why, certainly.

Smith—Well, I'm hard up and want $10.

Jones—You can trust me. I am as silent as the grave. I have heard nothing.—Pick-Me-Up.

His Thrifty Way.

Muchmoney—Do you usually order your dinner by the card?

Nocash—No; by the price.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Learning without thought is labor lost. Thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

ANCIENT FISH CURES

MEDICINAL VIRTUES THAT USED TO DECK THE FINNY TRIBE.

Perch Was Valued in Germany For Its Curative Properties, and Carp Was Held in High Esteem in Old England—The Physician of Fishes.

Fishing literature prior to the days and writings of Izaak Walton opens up points of interest which are unique. Not the least interesting are the constant references of the early writers to the medicinal virtues of fish. Of course many of the salt and fresh water fishes mentioned by the old writers are not recognized in the waters of today, but the fresh water perch, carp, tench and eel are yet recognized, and it is in connection with these fish that some of the quaintest ideas as to their medicinal virtues have prevailed.

The Germans have a comparative proverb which says, "More wholesome than a perch of the Rhine," and it is certain that from the earliest times this familiar fish has been esteemed as one of the best gastronomic productions of fresh water. It has also been ascribed medicinal virtues. Gesner says that physicians value the perch so much that they recommend it to be freely eaten by wounded men, women in childbed and those suffering from dangerous fevers. Aldrovandus praises it and mentions that the two otoliths ("round bones") found in the head of the perch are marvelously good for stone in the bladder.

That the carp was esteemed in olden times in England is certain. Dame Berners, writing in her quaint "Treatyse of Fysshynge Wyth an Angle," published in 1496, says, "The carpe be a dyntous fish. But there ben few in Englonge." Being "dyntous"—i. e., "dainty"—it must have been a good fish at that time to eat. It has certainly lost its character since then.

In the art of healing the carp plays a respectable part. One old writer speaks of the fat of the carp as being of miraculous power for the alleviation of "hot rheumatism." The manner of its application was by frequent rubbing on the painful part, and the effect was said to be eminently mollifying and salutary. The triangular bones in the throat of the carp on being ground to powder and applied to a wound or bleeding nose were said to act as styptic. The gall was also said to have been used for sore eyes, and "above the eyes," says an old Esculapius, "two little bones exist, semicircular in shape, which are diligently preserved by noble females against the lunatical disease."

In the "Haven of Health" carp are also comprised in "the ten sortes of fysche which are reckoned as principal in the preservation of health," and, adds the quaint old writer, "this fish is of great wholesomeness and great value, and its tongue is very pleasant to carping ladies."

A kind of first cousin of the carp is what is known as the barbel. Such ancients as Juvenal, Albertus and others of that ilk evidence that it was known and esteemed by the Roman gourmet. Pliny mentions a curious fact in its natural history. Dr. Badham in his "Prose Halieutics" translates this passage as follows: "The roe of the barbel is very poisonous." Antonio Gazius took two boluses and thus describes his sensations: "At first I felt no inconvenience, but some hours having elapsed I began to be disagreeably affected, and as my stomach swelled and could not be brought down by anise and carminatives I was soon in a state of great depression and distress." It appears that his countenance was pallid, like a man in a swoon. Deadly coldness ensued, and violent cholera and vomiting came on. The barbel (Barbus vulgaris) of today has survived such poisonous qualities. Its flesh has the taste of stewed white blotting paper, and its roe is as innocuous as bread pills.

All the same, good Julyans Berners shared the bad opinion of the earlier writers. She says: "The barbyll is a swete fish, but it is quarsy, moyst and perylous for alwayes bodye. For comynly he ynyth an introduction to ye febris (fever), and if ye be even rawe he may cause of mannys dethe whych hath often beene seene."

The tench which has been introduced into some parts of this country is an olive greenish carp which has been for long time termed in England the "physician of fishes." According to a score or more of authorities, ancient and modern, the thick slime with which it is covered exerts healing effect on all wounds or diseases in which it can come in contact on or in other fishes. Whence this belief originated is not known, but one instance of exact observation is well worthy of credence. Mr. Wright in his book on "Fishes and Fishing" tells how a minnow accidentally hooked in the water of an aquarium in which it was swimming, on breaking loose, immediately descended three parts of the way down the water and swiftly approached its nose to the side of the tench which was its companion in the aquarium. It rubbed its nose for a few seconds against the tench and then again swam about as lively as before. To this testimony Mr. Wright adds: "We (my friend and I who were watching the performance) were both of the opinion that it is really no fable as to the tench being the Esculapius of fishes, for here was an example before our eyes of a fish being wounded and immediately instinct directing it to seek a remedy."

One piscatorial truth is known to all who fish for pike or pickerel. The pike (esox lucius) will ravenously seize as his prey the fry of almost every fish, including his own species, and all the salt minnows are also carriare to him, but he will not touch the tench.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Helene Wood

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"Elizabeth, the eternal feminine will assert itself."

Elizabeth put on her long blue painting apron without replying and began to stretch a canvas. She was adorable so, her gray eyes defiantly averted and a flush of anger on her cheeks.

"There you go again. If I don't know my own mind at twenty-six when will I?"

"At twenty-seven or eight perhaps. I hope sooner. Your ideas are all wrong. Believe me, the day will come when you will long for a home of your own and some one nearer than a girl friend or masculine admirer."

He had the last word, for the arrival of the model, a thin, shabby looking girl, put an end to the discussion.

"Tomorrow at 5, then?"

Elizabeth gave a brisk little nod. She was already sketching in the outlines of her study, and Phil was forgotten before he had closed the door.

The young man was quite accustomed to such treatment. Admitted as he was to her most intimate friendship or an understanding of strict camaraderie, he broke over the traces every year, was invariably refused and bore his defeat with easy aplomb. Some day she was bound to change her mind and he might be the lucky man.

Elizabeth's own opinion was very different. She had no time for thought until her work was laid aside for the day. Then she sank into a nest of cushions to think luxuriously.

No, Phil was wrong. She would never care to leave her studio above all to marry. Had not the art school girl who married ceased developing intellectually? Shut up in their own four walls they became entirely absorbed in dear Tom or Dick and the children. Children! Elizabeth shuddered. A child in a book or picture was very delightful, but the reality, a dirty little creature always crying or being ill. She would never leave her work, her studies, her pleasures, for a deadly stupid family life. Never!

* * * * * * *

A cry of warning. The trolley car stopped with a lurch. In an instant the conductor and motorman were down in the street, followed by most of the passengers. Elizabeth, impatient at the delay, resolved to walk the block or two remaining. Her model would be waiting for her at the studio.

When she left the car she found herself the only woman in a large group collected about a sickening black mass which had splashed car wheels and cobblestones with blood. The conductor, a good natured looking young Irishman, stood with tears rolling down his face. He was holding a golden haired baby, a toddler of a year or two. The motorman, white and frightened, was telling how the baby had suddenly run in front of the car and the mother had thrown the little one out of the way, only to be crushed herself.

The child began to cry, and the conductor turned to Elizabeth imploringly. "You take the baby, mum. The ambulance is comin'. The cops will be after findin' its relatives."

Before she could reply he had put the baby in her unresisting arms.

Some moments later, hardly knowing how it had all happened, she found herself walking into her studio building carrying a little child. In her purse was a bit of paper inscribed "19 Plumley alley." It was the poor woman's address, to which she had promised to take him. A man she knew, who was passing along the corridor, smiled and remarked: "Rather a small model, Miss Blair." Elizabeth flushed as if she had committed a crime and was relieved to close the studio door behind her.

Then she put down her burden and looked at her watch. Ten o'clock. The model had come and gone. No hope now. She herself would have to take the child home. A short conference at the phone told her the whereabouts of Plumley alley, eight squares south and just off the —th street car line.

When she left the phone she found the little one standing close by. Elizabeth studied him with half shut eyes.

"Not bad," she thought—"a Donatello, if the forehead were a little higher and the curls not so fine and tight. How I should like to paint him! Come here, little one. What's your name?"

"Alan Campbell naughty."

"Are you naughty?"

"'Es. I want my muvver."

His mother! Elizabeth felt a quick pang of horror. "Come here, and I will show you something pretty."

She held out her watch. The silver and gold ornaments on its long chain jingled attractively. Alan Campbell slowly drew near the shining object. He seized it just as a little stray dog would have done a bit of cake—seized it and walked away. Then Elizabeth brought out pictures. It was surprising how quickly they were friends, sitting on the floor side by side looking at "pussies" and "doggies."

It was after 11 when Alan Campbell's face began to look doleful.

"I want a cup of millik," he announced.

There were a pitcher of cream, some biscuits and a glass of jelly in her stock of tea table provisions. With this luncheon spread out before him, Alan Campbell was soon installed on the edge of the model stand.

When he had drunk all the cream except that which soaked into her pretty rug, when his face was gory with currant jelly and biscuits had lost their attraction, Elizabeth took one sticky little hand in hers and led him firmly to the washstand. After he was clean and dry she sank into a chair, exhausted.

"I want up on 'ap," cried a little voice appealingly.

She drew him up. For awhile he was amused by her velvet blouse; then his eyes began to close. Alan Campbell's head was on Elizabeth's shoulder. His right hand clasped hers tightly. He was fast asleep.

Elizabeth had the true artistic nature which when it feels does so with abandon. The soft little body in her arms, the warm, sweet breath on her face touched the very depths of her heart. Never in her life had she felt so strangely happy—happy and yet troubled. She was embarrassed before her own emotions and bent her head, clasping him more tightly. The world thought of her as a woman. She had a womanly poise and a strong character but her heart, a girl's heart, could not understand this awakening of mysterious instincts, the motherhood beneath her culture and ambition and stronger than both. The flying moments, her beloved work, everything was forgotten as she held the sleeping child.

A half hour passed, an hour. Alan Campbell suddenly opened a pair of questioning blue eyes. Startled by the strange face, he cried: "Where's my muvver? I want my muvver!" His little body shook with sobs.

Rudely aroused from her dream Elizabeth felt a quick pang of jealousy. Yes, she was jealous of the woman whose hold on the child even death was powerless to break. Silently she put on her wraps, gathered Alan Campbell, sobs and all, into her arms and hurried down to the —th street cars.

Plumley alley proved to be a neat flagged court and No. 19 a tiny white house with green shutters. A little old man, whose eyes were swollen with weeping, came to answer her ring. Alan Campbell called "Huddo Grampy." The poor old fellow tried in vain to control his grief. The girl shook the trembling old hand and turned away, unable to express her sympathy. Alan Campbell smiled after her like a sunbeam.

Elizabeth closed her studio door with a shiver. Never had it looked more beautiful, more orderly or more cold and still.

"I want my muvver," a little voice kept sounding in her ear. Ah, these mothers she had been pitying, how she envied them now! It was ridiculous to feel so, and yet, and yet she knew her arms would always be empty and her whole body hungry for the presence, the caresses of a little child, something of her own, her very own, to love.

There was hardly time to arrange her hair and light the spirit lamp before Phil knocked. Hoping that he would not notice her red eyelids, she concentrated her attention on the tea things. She thought she was succeeding until Phil said, "What's up, Elizabeth?"

"Oh," she replied, "I saw a frightful accident this morning. I can't seem to forget it." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Phil longed to take the sensitive girl into his arms, but he only said cheeringly:

"There are many cruel things in this world. We can't help them. Try to forget all this. Put on your hat and come out to dinner with me. I'll tell you what—we'll go and see Wilson in 'The Matador;' make you laugh; do you good."

She only sobbed.

Phil knelt beside her chair and took her hand.

"Please don't cry. It hurts me to see it."

It was very un-Elizabeth-like, but somehow she let her head droop on his shoulder and closed her eyes, as Alan Campbell had done. It was so good to feel some one near, some one who was strong and who loved her. Phil could not understand, but was grateful for the miracle which had made the girl he loved seek his arms like a child. He spoke low and tenderly.

"Dear, won't you let me be your consoler always?"

He bent his head to her tear stained cheek and her little word of reply was not so loud as the glad beating of his heart.

"Only," said Elizabeth, when she had recovered something of her usual spirit, "don't flatter yourself it was your conquest. It was nothing at all but the eternal feminine."

The Independent Cat.

"There is nothing I admire in a cat so much as her absolute independence," said a man as he watched a big Angora sweep haughtily around the room. "You are bound to treat a cat kindly. If you abuse her or ill treat her she cares nothing more for you. Now, a dog will lick the hand that beats him, but a cat will have only the utmost contempt for you. This tendency of a dog to love its master even after it has been kicked may appeal to some, but I like the cat's high, proud spirit better. This independent spirit of the cat crops out in many ways. You may slap her for stealing milk, but the next time she gets a chance she will steal milk. She will appropriate the best chair in the room and endure with a supercilious air your polite hints or stern commands to her to get down. But she will never budge until the spirit moves her or you remove her by force. If she is crazy to get in the window and you open it for her, she takes her time, stops to sniff a bit and does not allow you to think for one instant that she was at all concerned over the opening of that window. They are beautiful animals, and they know it, and if you don't like them they don't care a hang."—New York Times.

Well Posted.

"What course should a lawyer pursue when called on to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" asked the examiner of the applicant.

The examined scratched his head a moment and answered, "Charge him double, of course."

Made Up For It Then.

"How did you discover that Van Major was one of the no breakfast advocates?"

"I invited him out to lunch with me."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Etiquette by Precedent.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent there can be no better reference than to the lord chamberlain's office in London. There in quiet rooms day after day men learned in state etiquette, court dress and royal functions reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the court costume under various circumstances are ready to their hands.

Is the shah of Persia coming? Is the kaiser soon to arrive? Is the king going to receive the monarch of Siam? Is one of the royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happens, the officials at the lord chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

Getting Around It.

"Thomas, you have disobeyed your old grandmother."

"No, I didn't, ma."

"Yes, you did. Have you not been swimming?"

"Yes, ma."

"Didn't I hear her say to you not to go swimming?"

"Oh, she didn't tell us that. She only came out and said, 'Boys, I wouldn't go swimmin',' and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her. But she didn't say anything about our goin' swimmin'."

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